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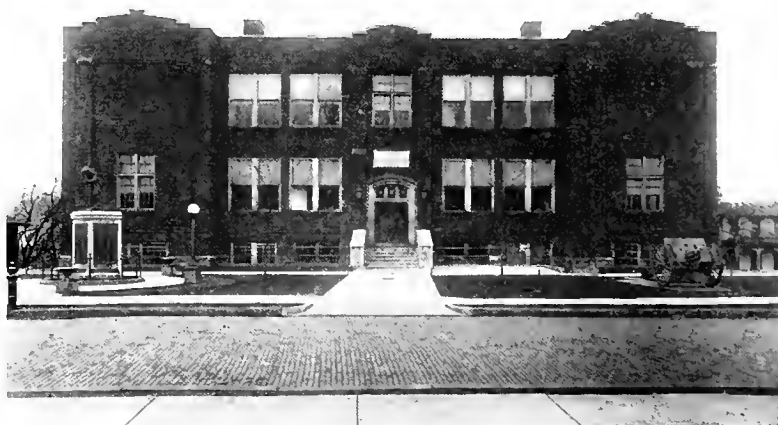
THE REVIEW

VOLUME SIX

Published by the Class of Nineteen Twenty-five
Coraopolis High School

Editorial Staff for 1925

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CORAOPOLIS HIGH SCHOOL

1917-1918

The Board of Education, whose unselfish efforts in behalf
of the Boys and Girls of the Community, warrant the sin-
cere appreciation of

THE CLASS OF 1925

R. J. Watson, President

W. W. Holsinger, Secretary

Elaine Veatch

C. E. Stone

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E. C. Barton

H. Frank Stout

DEDICATION

MR. C. L. ISENBURG
MRS. T. D. WHITTLES
MR. E. O. MORRISON

To the teachers who have left us
After service, kind and true;
Just to prove that we'll remember,
We dedicate this book to you.

Class of 1925

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL STAFF	Page 1
ILLUSTRATION—High School.....	Page 2
DEDICATION	Page 3
CONTENTS.....	Page 4
ILLUSTRATION—Faculty	Page 5
ILLUSTRATION—Faculty Pictures	Page 7
CLASS OFFICERS	Page 8
ILLUSTRATION—Seniors	Page 9
ILLUSTRATION—Prophecy	Page 25
ILLUSTRATION—Junior Class	Page 29
ILLUSTRATION—Snapshots	Page 32
ILLUSTRATION—Snapshots	Page 33
ILLUSTRATION—Sophomore Class	Page 37
ILLUSTRATION—Freshman Class	Page 42
ILLUSTRATION—New Junior High School.....	Page 46
ILLUSTRATION—Literary Department	Page 47
ILLUSTRATION—Society Department	Page 57
ILLUSTRATION—Organizations Department	Page 67
ILLUSTRATION—Chorus	Page 71
ILLUSTRATION—Orchestra	Page 72
ILLUSTRATION—Annual Opera	Page 74
ILLUSTRATION—Class Play	Page 76
ILLUSTRATION—Stage Crew	Page 77
ILLUSTRATION—Hi-Y Club	Page 77
ILLUSTRATION—Go To College Club.....	Page 78
ILLUSTRATION—Alumni Department	Page 79
ILLUSTRATION—Athletic Department	Page 99
ILLUSTRATION—Football Squad.....	Page 101
ILLUSTRATION—Boys' Basketball Squad	Page 103
ILLUSTRATION—Girls' Basketball Squad.....	Page 107
ILLUSTRATION—Smiles Department	Page 111
ILLUSTRATION—Snapshots	Page 117
ILLUSTRATION—Cross Word Puzzle.....	Page 118

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

On behalf of the Class of '25, we the editors, wish to offer our grateful thanks and appreciation to the following:

Mr. Horner, whose willing assistance and kindly advice made this book possible.

Miss Hogue, for her co-operation and practical suggestions.

Miss Sloan, for her careful and cheerful attention to our "copy" and her good suggestions.

Our advertisers, whose support enabled us to publish this Review.

The members of faculty and all those of other Classes who have given us their hearty support.



TRAINING OF FACULTY

Top row, right to left:

George W. Wimmer, A. B., Moravian College.
Florence Kinnan, Indiana State Normal. Jean Kno-
loch, Slippery Rock State Normal. George W. Cassler,
B. S., Susquehanna University.

Second row, right to left:

Florence Mercer, Ph. B., Westminster College. Mary
Crawford, A. B., Pennsylvania College for Women.
Nell M. Boucher, B. S., Pennsylvania State College.
Gertrude Besselman, Indiana State Normal.

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Beech, Pennsylvania College for Women. Dessie
P. Spangler, Principal of Junior High School; A. B.,
Ohio Northern University.

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Meyers B. Horner, Principal of High School; A. B.,
Juniata College. J. C. Werner, Supervising Principal
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University of Pittsburgh.

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Ruth Sloan, Bowling Green Business University.
Mary Smith, Slippery Rock State Normal. Margaret
Baker, B. S., Pennsylvania State College.

Sixth row, right to left:

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Mary Delo, Edinboro Normal. Charles Porter,
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J. Theodore Parks, Sc. B., Bucknell University. Stella
Bauer, A. B., Geneva College. Jeanette Milford,
Slippery Rock State Normal. Harold D. Taylor, A.
B., University of Pittsburgh.



CLASS OF 1925

COLORS

MAROON AND GREY

CLASS FLOWER

RED ROSE

CLASS MOTTO

"WE BUILD THE LADDER WHICH WE CLIMB"

CLASS OFFICERS

PresidentJOHN LONG
Vice President.....EARL CAIN
SecretaryMARGARET BEATTIE
TreasurerHERMAN HARPER
Sergeant-at-armsJAMES PATTON

Ana-ve-vo-Ana-vi-vo
Ana-ve-vo-vi-vo-vum
Go get a rat trap bigger
than a cat trap
Go get another one
Bigger than the other one,
Ma! Pa! Sis! Boom! Bah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ki-ye Ki-yi
Ki-Ke Zippity Zim,
Come out of the woods,
Sand-paper your chin,
We're rough,
We're tough,
We're notched like a saw,
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

S-e-n-i-o-r-s
S-e-n-i-o-r-s
S-e-n-i-o-r-s
That's the way you spell it,
Here's the way you yell it,
Seniors!

I had a little rooster
I sat him on the fence,
He crowed for the Seniors,
Because he had some sense.

Rickety Rex Erex Erex,
Chi Flex Chi Flex,
Rickety Rox Erox Erox,
Chinkety Chive,
Yonkety Yive,
Seniors, Seniors, '25!



S E N I O R S



MARY MARGARETT ALLEN

Cicero Club '23, Go-to-College Club '25,
Senior Basketball Team '25, Girl Scouts '21, '22,
'23, '24, J. F. F. '25.

"Smile awhile with me."



ALLEN ATWATER

Entered December, 1924. Debating Team,
Hi-Y Club 1925.

"The Lincoln of '25."



PHYLLIS BAILEY

Chorus '24, '25.

"L'esprit de la classe Francaise."

MARGARET BEATTIE

Class secretary 1924 and 1925. Orchestra
'24, '25. "In the Garden of the Shah." Review
(Organizations). Go-to-College Club '25.

"Baby Peggy, short and snappy."



STEVEN BOROVICH

Cicero Club '23, Hi-Y '22, Class Basketball
'24, '25, Basketball '25, National Honor Society,
"Man from Mexico," Vice President Athletic As-
sociation '24, '25.

"Little, but O my, such a bunch of mind and
muscle!"



HAZEL BURNS

Red Cross Training Class, Go-to-College Club,
"Her code of learning—question-answer method."





EARL CAIN

Class President '24. Vice President '23, '25.
Orchestra '25. H-Y. Senior Class Play (Cook).
Sophomore Smiles Editor '23.

"Cuts" Valentino."



RUTH CAMPBELL

Basketball '22, '23, '24.

"Basketball guard-motto—'They shall not pass'."



MARTIN CARROLL

Honor Society (Vice President). Basketball
'25. Class Basketball '25. Science Klub '23, '24.
"Man from Mexico" (Louis).

"Short in stature, but long in mind."

ELIZABETH COOPER

Red Cross Course. Year Book Typist. Remington, Smith and Underwood Awards.

"Try to catch her on the keys."



MARGARET WICKENHISER

Chorus '24, '25. Girl Scouts. "In the Garden of the Shah." Go-to-College Club.

"A Perfect Lady."

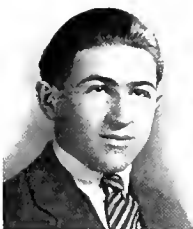


MIRIAM CUPPS

Chorus '22, '23, '24, '25. Assistant Alumni Editor "Review" '23. "All of a Sudden Peggy" (Property Manager). "Captain Crossbones" (Spanish relative). "San Toy" (Emperor's Own). "Miss Bob White" (Miss Liv in the Past Autumn). "The Man from Mexico" (Sallie Grace). "In the Garden of the Shah" (Zodah). Girl Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. National Honor Society (Secretary). High School News (Assistant Editor '24). Editor-in-Chief '25. Go-to-College Club '25.

"A rare bit of China."





ABE DIETCH

Football '24, '25. Class Basketball '25. Hi-Y '24, '25.

"Abe—A good fullback, a good sport, a good scout."



VINCENT DEVENZIO

Baseball '23. Basketball '24, '25. Hi-Y '23, '24, '25. Football '24. Class Basketball '24, '25. Remington, Smith, and Underwood Awards. Reporter Pittsburgh Sun. Smiles Editor "Review" '25.

"Wall Mason's Rival."



ROBERT DICKEY

"The Great Stone Face"

JANETTE DICKSON

Chorus '23, '24, '25. "San Toy" (Emperor's Own). "Miss Bob White." "In the Garden of the Shah." Cicero Club. Go-to-College Club. "The Man from Mexico" (Nettie Majors). Girl Scouts '22, '23, '24. Society Editor of Year Book.

"The Buick's the best car."



ELEANOR DONNALLY

Girl Scouts '22, '23, '24. Go-to-College Club. Chorus '23, '24, '25. "San Toy" (The Emperor's Own). "Miss Bob White." "The Garden of the Shah." "The Man from Mexico" (Clementina Fitzhugh). National Honor Society '25. Alumni Editor Review '25.

"If you want a thing done well, ask Eleanor."



JOHN DRIGON

Baseball '23. Hi-Y '23, '24. "Man from Mexico."

"Can go faster with a Ford than he can with his tongue." Miss Hogue's taxi-man."





HELEN DRUMHELLER

Girl Scouts '22, '23. Good English Play '23. "Captain Crossbones." "San Toy." (The Emperor's Own). "Miss Bob White" (Milk Maid). "The Garden of the Shah." Minstrel '24 (Doll).

"Who wants a good stenographer?"



FRANCIS EPKER

III-Y '23, '24, '25. Cicero Club '23. "The Man from Mexico" (Googan). Orchestra '25.

"Announcer of Station L-O-U-D."



ETHEL FERREE

Chorus '22, '23, '24, '25. "Captain Crossbones." "San Toy." "Miss Bob White." "In the Garden of the Shah" (Loblah). Minstrel (Mamma Doll). Girl Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. Cicero Club '23. Gato-College Club '25. Assistant Literary Editor Review '25. National Honor Society '25. Review Alumni Assistant '23.

"Live Wire."

CHARLES FITZSIMMONS

Chorus '23, '24, '25. "San Toy." "Miss Bob White" (Orchestra). "Garden of the Shah." Orchestra '24, '25. Football '24. Basketball Manager '25. Minstrel '24. Class Play (Col. Roderick Majors). Boy Scouts.

"What's under the wild waves?"



THOMAS GAFFNEY

Football '23, '24. "Man from Mexico" (Cook).

"An Irish Grin on the Map of Ireland."

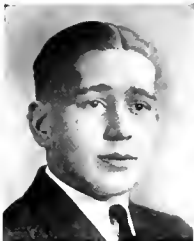


MARGARET GERMERODT

Chorus '22, '23, '24, '25. "Captain Crossbones." "San Toy." "Miss Bob White." "The Garden of the Shah" (Nowobeh). Orchestra '24, '25. Cicero Club '23. Senior Basketball Team. Basketball '24, '25.

"She can play more than chop sticks."





HOWARD GIBSON

Football '23, '24. Hi-Y. Class Basketball '24, '25. Underwood and Smith Awards.
"Let 'em Buck."



GERTRUDE GREGG

Girl Scouts '21, '22. Go-to-College Club. J. F. F.
"If silence is golden, she is a rich mine."



DOROTHY HAARBUE

"Rival of Golf Champion."

HERMAN HARPER

Hi-Y '23, '24. Cicero Club '23. Business Manager "The Man from Mexico." Stage Crew '25. Class Treasurer '25. Assistant Editor "Review." Science Klub '23, '24. Honor Society President. Physics Assistant '24, '25.
"Un homme comme il faut."



ALVIN HARVEY

"Give me bones, nerves and muscles for my togs."



DAVID KEY

Cicero Club '23.
"The boy who is always on the job."





HELEN LEE

Girl Scouts. Underwood, Smith, Remington Awards.

"Another chance for a good stenographer."



JOHN LONG

Chorus '24, '25. "Miss Bob White" (Billy Van Million). "Garden of the Shah" (Billie Cummings). Football '23, '24. Hi-Y '23, '24. President Athletic Association. President Senior Class. Minstrel '23. DeMolay '24, '25. Basketball '24, '25.

"A bunch of energy, brains and push."



FRANK LUNN

Hi Y '23, '25. "The Man from Mexico" (Farrar). Assistant Business Manager "Review" '25. Football '24. Science Klub '23, '24. DeMolay '24, '25. Physics Assistant.

"Give me a radio!"

ALICE MARSHALL

Girl Scouts '22, '23. Chorus '24, '25. Orchestra '23, '24, '25. "Miss Bob White" (Quaker Maid). "In the Garden of the Shah."

"Petite, pretty, pleasant."



IRVINE MARSHALL

DeMolay '24, '25. Play electrician '23, '24, '25. Chorus '23, '24, '25. Stage Manager Senior Play '25. "San Toy." "Miss Bob White." National Chemist Essay Contest '25. Science Klub '24, '25.

"An embryo curator."



RALPH MILLER

Hi-Y '23, '24, '25. Football '24. Baseball '23. Chorus '24, '25. Senior Class Play (O'Mullins). DeMolay '24, '25. "The Garden of the Shah." "Miss Bob White."

"Dependable in studies and sports."





ANNA MOORE

Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. "The Man from Mexico" (Miranda). Go-to-College Club '25. Review Assistant Alumni Editor '24.

"I'm coming."



DOROTHY McADAMS

Girl Scouts '22, '23. Chorus '23, '24, '25. "San Toy" (The Emperor's Own). "Miss Bob White" (Mill maid). "In the Garden of the Shah" (Zodah's friend). "The Man from Mexico" (Sally). Go-to-College Club '25. Orchestra '23, '24.

"D. D. D.—Duer of Dandy Dancing."



MARY McCABE

Chorus '23, '24, '25. "The Man from Mexico" (Nettle Majors). Girl Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. Go-to-College Club. "San Toy" (The Emperor's Own). "Miss Bob White" (Quaker Chorus). "In the Garden of the Shah" (Zodah's friend). Senior Basketball Team. Honor Society Program '24. (Torchbearer).

"M. M. M.—Maker of Music, Marks and Merriment."

BLANCHE McARTNEY

Honor Society.

"Her motto—Be Prepared."



ADAH MacDONALD

Chorus '23, '24, '25. Year Book Typist. Girl Scouts '22, '23. Honor Society Program '24 (Torchbearer). "San Toy" (Emperor's Wife). C. P. M. '25. Neither absent nor tardy in her school career.

"Ad-a-Tune Typist."



GERTRUDE McHAFFIE

Year Book Typist. Girl Scouts '22, '23. C. P. M. '25.

"The Auburn Auto-Friend."





MARY McHAFFIE

Girl Scouts.

"Shy of manner and mien."



PHILIP McLAUGHLIN

Editor-in-Chief Review '25. Assistant Editor High School News '25. Stage Crew '25. Cicero Club. Junior Organization Editor Review '24. "Man from Mexico" (Farrar). Boy Scouts '23.

"The end of Diogenes' hunt."



GERMAINE NEWCOMER

Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. Chorus '22, '23, '24, '25. Go-to-College Club. Art Editor '23, '24, '25. N. N. Club '24, '25. "Captain Crossbones." "Miss Bob White" (Quaker Maid). "San Toy" (Fortune Teller). "In the Garden of the Shah."

"Cheery Jerry, with paint and crayon."

ISABEL NOSS

Chorus '25. Scouts. "The Man from Mexico" (Miranda). "The Garden of the Shah" (Zodan's friend).

"She'll sure be somebody's Izzy someday with all those good looks."



SUSIE PALAM

Year Book Typist. Remington, Underwood and Smith Awards.

"Black-eyed Susan."



JAMES PATTON

Football '23, '24. Basketball '23, '24. Athletic Editor. Sargeant-at arms. Chorus '23, '24. "Class Play" (Col. Roderick Majors). "Miss Bob White (Nagg). "In the Garden of the Shah (Ham). Minstrel (Chorus).

"I'll fix this! Oh bo-logna!" "The Ham what am."





ANNIE PUGH

Girl Scouts '22, '23. Go-to-College Club '25.
Chorus '23, '24, '25. "Sam Toy" (The Emperor's
Own). "Miss Bob White" (Village Maid). "In
the Garden of the Shah."
"Aspirations—Columbia."



PAULINE REED

Assistant Society editor Review '25.
"Angel-faced imp."



FLORIAN SEIBERT

"High School official ticket collector."

MARGARET SEIBERT

Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. Manager
Basketball Team '23, '24, '25. Basketball '24, '25.
Go-to-College Club '25. "Miss Bob White" (Milk
Maid). Minstrel '24 (Mamma Doll). N. N. Club
'24, '25. Chorus '24, '25.
"The heroine of '25. Smiling bad luck collector."



MARY SOWERBY

Entered September, 1924. Chorus '25. De-
bate '25.
"What's in a name?"



ADA MAE THOMPSON

Chorus '25.
"Add good grades, good temper, and good looking
clothes—that's Ada Mae."





THORA THOMPSON

Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. "The Man from Mexico" (Clementina). "In the Garden of the Shah" (Zodah's friend). "Miss Bob White" (Milk Maid). N. N. Club '24, '25. "San Toy" (Emperor's Own). "Captain Crossbones." Debating Team '25. Cicero Club. Chorus '22, '23, '24, '25. National Honor Society '25. Go-to-College Club '25. Assistant Literary Editor Review '22, '23, '24. Literary Editor Review '25.

"A charming mixture of art, argument and action."



HAROLD TOWNE

Football '22, '23, '24. Hi-Y '23, '24, '25. "The Man from Mexico"

"Everybody loves the fat man."



BENNIE TRUICK

"A West Virginia Rattler."

ALBERT VANDEVORT

Hi-Y. "The Man from Mexico" (Loveall). Year Book Assistant Organizations Editor.

"All love—Loveall."



MILTON WEISMAN

Chorus '25. "In the Garden of the Shah" (Shah). Orchestra '23, '24. "The Man from Mexico" (Fitzhugh). Good English Plays '21, '24. Oratorical Contest.

"Which will it be, fellows? The Nixon or the Academy?"



HENRY WICKENHISER

"A good business liner."





HELENE WINTERS

Chorus '23, '24. Cicero Club '23. "San Toy." "Miss Bob White." Basketball '23, '24. Basketball Captain '24, '25. Associate Editor of Year Book '25. Scholastic Reporter '25. Honor Society '25. "The Big Hit of the Little Bits."



CECELIA YOHE

Scouts '22, '23, '24, '25. Chorus '24. Class Team Basketball '24, '25. "In the Garden of the Shah." Ministerel (Doll). N. N. Club. "A sweet disposition modestly concealed."



JEANNETTE YOUNG

Girl Scouts '22, '23, '24. "The Man from Mexico" (Property Manager). "In the Garden of the Shah." Go-to-College Club. N. N. "Some natural sunshine."

BRUCE GILCHRIST

"He makes good use of his mind, his hands and his feet."



IN LEAVING

We, the class of '25
Present this book to you.
We trust that as you read it o'er
(Which we are sure you'll do)
Memories of by-gone days
Will pass in swift review.
Teachers and scholars, friendships made,
And things you used to do,
And, as you travel down life's path,
You may look back and sigh,
And long once more for the dear old days
You spent in Cory High.

MIRIAM CUPPS

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being the seven ages."

"At first the infant"—freshmen in Mr. Horner's arms. Thus we began our High School life with the customary green atmosphere and unhappy faculty of being underfoot all the time. Thus we were initiated into that awe-inspiring class—high school students. We did as well or better than previous freshmen classes, in supplying the chorus and other activities with our willing service. Also, as students, in the scholastic sense of the word, we did not fall below the mark. However, we mixed school work with pleasure, and ended the year with a picnic such as children, both large and small, enjoy.

"And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school."

It was at this stage in the great play that we came back as Sophomores, after a summer of rest. Again we succumbed to the process of assimilating knowledge. Days of routine and monotony were there when we thought the school was either full of freshmen, who were intolerable or snobbish seniors, insufferable in their dignity. We, however, excluded the other three classes in having a Valentine Party, all to ourselves. After struggling manfully (?) through geometry, Cicero and the classics of the Sophomore course, the year was successfully brought to a close with a picnic for the girls of the graduating class.

"And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

The Junior year is always accused of being the silly, romantic period of school life—and the class of '25, as such, was no exception. Poetry thrived under the tutelage of Miss Iams, while amorous and flirtatious glances were quite prevalent. But not all the time was spent in writing poetry, for our services, having been sought by the Seniors, were offered with an unselfishness that would have pleased the gods. You see the Seniors wanted to go to Washington and we were to do all in our little power to contribute to their success. Although this was the task of a year for us, we couldn't pass Halloween without celebrating. This we did with much success.

The next important item on any Junior program was—the Prom. Financially embarrassed, we set to work with an ardor that brought gratifying success to our Prom. Thus we closed our third year.

"Then a soldier
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth."

As Seniors how true! Soldiers, with grim determination assailing the castle of knowledge wherein rules Truth! Soldiers, clothed in the armor of education—seeking to attain by honorable methods those greatly desired heights of prestige and distinction! No danger or peril too great for attaining the golden prize!

The frivolity of under-graduates dropped for a mantle of dignity, and

slowly we passed through the Senior year. The dignity did not detract from our fund of ability—as those who saw the class play, "The Man From Mexico," the Opera, "The Garden of the Shah," the athletic teams and the High School News—can testify.

And now we await the final events of our high school life—the Prom, the Washington tour, Baccalaureate and Commencement.

As to the fifth, sixth and seventh ages of man, we leave our lives in the hands of the kindly fates, to follow or depart, at their direction, from the prophecies of the melancholy Jacques.

THE CLASS WILL

We, the Senior class of 1925, being of a sound mind and of good health and enjoying our high school life to the utmost, make this our last will and testament; and hope that the persons benefited hereby will use those talents and remember this class as models of scholarly ability and distinguished specimens of high school students.

Section I. As executors of this will we do appoint Miss Hogue, Miss Sloan and Miss Baker. There shall be no compensation.

Section II. To the members of the faculty who have undergone the agony of having such scholarly students in their midst, we return our books with names and initials therein. These faithful tutors have not striven in vain for some of our number have made application to an institution on the other side of the river.

Section III. To the janitors, we leave the privilege of removing all initials cut in desks; also of collecting all gum.

Section IV. To the Juniors, we leave our dignity.

Section V. To the Juniors, "Getting by and the right to become Seniors."

Section VI. To the Sophomores, the secret of keeping out of the way of teachers when skipping periods.—This is a great asset.

Section VII. To the Freshmen, we give the privilege of passing, but we advise them to leave their tops and marbles at home for we learned that our tops would be taken from us.

Section VIII. To the school as a whole, a fond memory.

Section IX. Individual bequests:

Article I. I, Mary Margaret Allen, bequeath to Martha McBride the use of my trusty glasses. They are of great value when studying for a test.

Article 2. I, Allen Atwater, leave to Bill Conway my little sign "Girl Shy".

Article 3. I, Phyllis Bailey, bequeath my ability to do French to Eleanor Burns.

Article 4. I, Margaret Beattie, allow Mildred McCormick to have her hair marcelled by a certain girl at Lavendars.

Article 5. I, Steven Borovich, leave a keen method of playing basket ball to Fritz Reeves.

Article 6. I, Hazel Burns, bequeath a gentle questioning air (when in class) to Zella Irwin.

Article 7. I, Earl Cain, bequeath to Lisle Weaver the right to make as good milk shakes at Cutt's as I did.

Article 8. I, Martin Carroll, bequeath to Bob Brush an extra six inches of height.

Article 9. I, Elizabeth Cooper, bequeath my skill and speed (as a typist) to Vivian McElravey.

Article 10. I, Warren Critchlow, bequeath my cogitations to Russel Holsinger.

Article 11. I, Miriam Cupps, bequeath to Virginia Drynan the privilege and pleasure of collecting news for the Record."

Article 12. I, Vincent Devenzio, leave to Erma Smoose, the right of being the chief thesis copyer.

Article 13. I, Robert Lee Dickey, bequeath to Lloyd McConnell a deep, resonant, bass voice.

Article 14. I, Janette Dickson, bequeath my extremely curly hair to Evelyn Staley.

Article 15. I, Abram Dietch, bequeath my agile fingers to Frank Gasper.

Article 16. I, Eleanor Donally, bequeath a studious nature and unassuming air to Edna Culbertson.

Article 17. I, John Drgon, bequeath to Porter Barnes a distinctive crest.

Article 18. We, Helen Drumheller and Helen Lee, offer all our combined knowledge and love of Shakespeare to Monica Cusack.

Article 19. I, Francis Epker, leave my speed as a football man to Howard Tibbals, hoping he will not be so unfortunate as to break the record.

Article 20. I, Ethel Ferree, offer a certain well known chemistry manual to Katherine Ranshaw.

Article 21. I, Charles Fitzsimmons, leave my beautiful dangling curls to Sara Beckert.

Article 22. I, Thomas Gaffney, leave to Jim Cocoran my own ioke book—very good to pull when the students near you become sleepy. However, be careful you don't got caught.

Article 23. I, Margaret Germerodt, bequeath an admiration for certain modern novels to Margaret McElravey.

Article 24. I, Howard Gibson, allow Madeline Kelly to do all the extra typing for Miss Sloan.

Article 25. I, Gertrude Gregg, bequeath a quiet, deep, thoughtful nature to Anna Moses.

Article 26. We, Dorothy Haarbye and Dorothy McAdams, will keep in touch with Mildred Bubb just to see that every thing turns out all right.

Article 27. I, Herman Harper, leave the pleasures of being a Romeo to Bob Marshall.

Article 28. We, Alvin Harvey and Germaine Newcomer, offer our artistic talents and tastes to Elsie Beggs.

Article 29. I, David Key, leave a quiet, thoughtful nature to my brother Parker.

Article 30. I, John Long, to Jim Bovard, leave the right to tease the girls and to be the school "shiek."

Article 31. I, Frank Lunn, bequeath my place as assistant to Mr. Park to John Amon.

Article 32. I, Alice Marshall, bequeath my style of dress to Frances Baker.

Article 33. I, Irvine Marshall, bequeath a small part of my scientific knowledge to John Ranshaw.

Article 34. I, Ralph Miller, shall give my sister Ruth a course during the summer preparing her for the great responsibility the Juniors are about to assume.

Article 35. I, Anna Moore, bequeath to Bernice Neison a happy faculty of remembering all that is said in class.

Article 36. I, Mary McCabe, to Ed Smith, bequeath an insulated knowledge of electricity.

Article 37. I, Blanche McCartney, bequeath a well earned place in the Honor Society to Anna Knobeloch.

Article 38. I, Adah MacDonald, bequeath to Gladys Corbett the ability to talk and chew gum at the same time.

Article 39. We, Gertrude McHaffie and Mary McHaffie, offer our enjoyment in playing basketball to Christine Ross.

Article 40. I, Philip McLaughlin, bequeath my ability as stage hand, contest manager, year book editor and "most anything" to Ewieg Murphy.

Article 41. I, Isabel Noss, bequeath twenty-five pounds (not sterling) to "Tubby" Martinelli, hoping he will appreciate the same.

Article 42. I, Susie Palam, leave to Emma Rattelsdorfer the "pleasure" of keeping store.

Article 43. I, James Patton, bequeath to Ernest Hofacker, the right to contour his physiognomy into the beautiful expressions I will teach him.

Article 44. I, Annie Pugh, bequeath the worries of getting assignments in on time to Ida Bowman.

Article 45. I, Pauline Reed, leave my uncanny instinct for solid geometry and trigonometry to George Buchman.

Article 46. I, Florian Seibert, bequeath the secret of getting to school on time to Robert Starrett.

Article 47. I, Margaret Siebert, bequeath to Harry Kimball all I know about cars after "Skatty" kicked and I quit driving, not because my will was broken but because it was my arm.

Article 48. I, Mary Sowerby, leave to Gladys Corbett my great admiration of sports.

Article 49. We, Ruth Campbell and Ada Thompson, leave to Philip Tinker the pleasant daily rides down from and back to McKees Rocks.

Article 50. I, Thora Thompson, leave the secret of my good speaking voice to Edith Hland.

Article 51. I, Harold Towne, leave my secret of getting the most out of a gallon of gas to Arthur Dick.

Article 52. I, Bennie Trunick, leave any half finished cross word puzzles about the school to Henry Pompeo.

Article 53. I, Albert Vandevort, bequeath my excellent sense of jazz and good time to Ralph Chambordon.

Article 54. I, Milton Weisman, bequeath some of my dramatic ability to Stanley Thompson.

Article 55. I, Henry Wickenhiser, leave my Prince of Wales style to Frank Braden.

Article 56. I, Margaret Wickenhiser, bequeath to Joanna Pastore my seat in chorus.

Article 57. I, Helene Winters, bequeath to Mildred Bubb the hope of an invitation to the Junior prom at Penn State.

Article 58. I, Cecelia Yohe, leave the secrets of my school girl complexion to Genevieve Withrow.

Article 59. I, Jeanette Young, bequeath my estactic giggle to Pearle Wagner, to be used on all occasions.

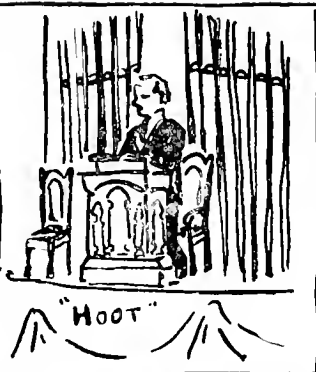
Article 60. I, Bruce Gilchrist, bequeath my lust for gold to Louis Raskin.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this first day of May in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty Five.

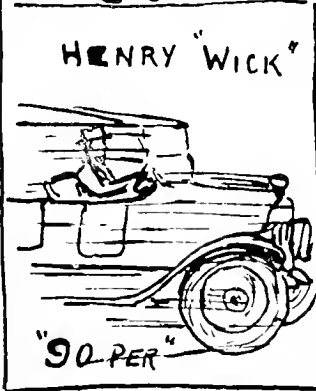
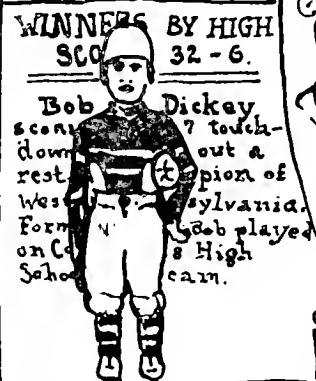
THE SENIOR CLASS, Ethel Ferree, Scribe
Witnesses: Jeannette Young, John Long, Thora Thompson

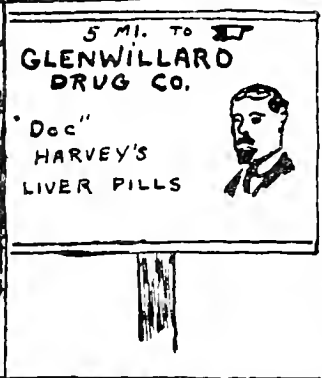
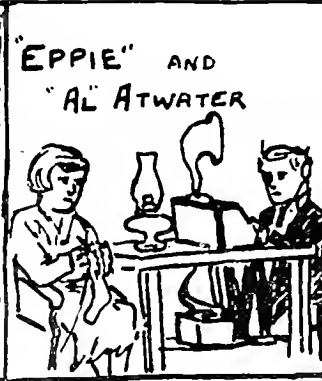
A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

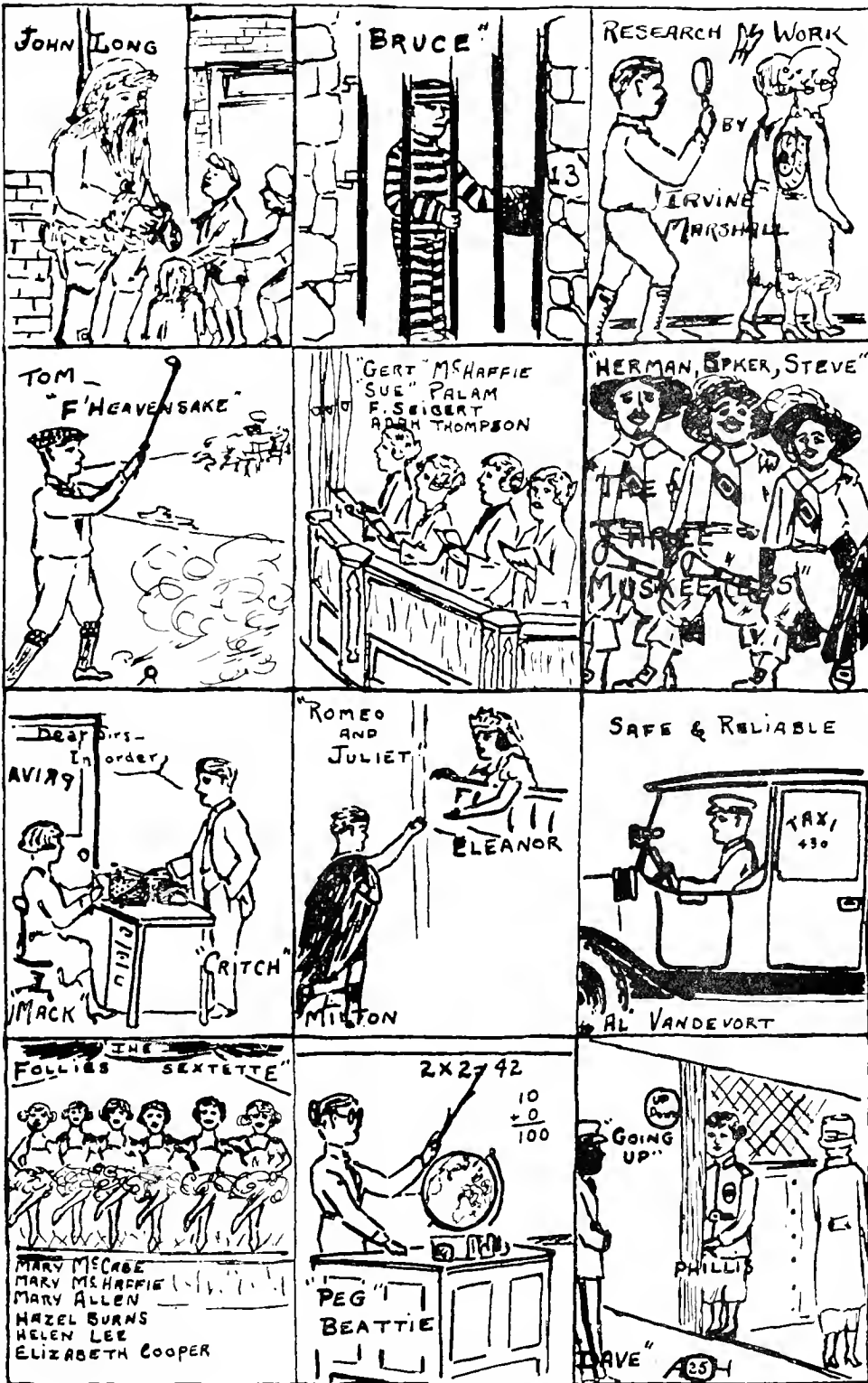
Having gazed long into the depths of the mystic crystal, the following were the promising futures read by the prophet, Thora Thompson, for her beloved classmates of 1925. Much glory and many thanks are due to Alvin Harvey for the use of his skillful paint-brush.



1925
CLASS
PROPHECY







CORAPOLIS RECORD

JUNE 12, 1937

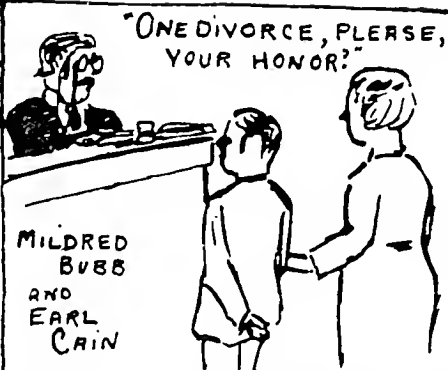
IG HOLD-UP ON MONTGOMERY



PAULINE REED
ALIAS "DESPERATE PAUL"

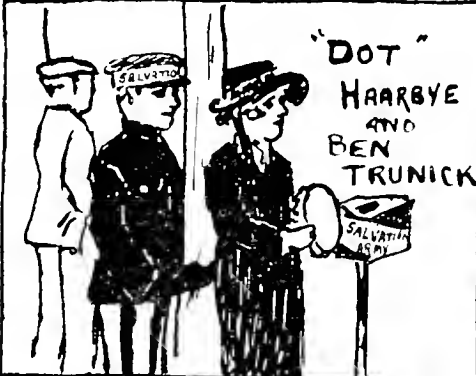
THIEF EVENTUALLY CAPTURED

After stopping the train Miss. Reed relieved all passengers of their money, and shooting the engineer, she



MILDRED
BUSS
AND
EARL
CAIN

"ONE DIVORCE, PLEASE,
YOUR HONOR?"



"DOT"
HAARBEE
AND
BEN
TRUNICK



HELEN
DRUMHELLER



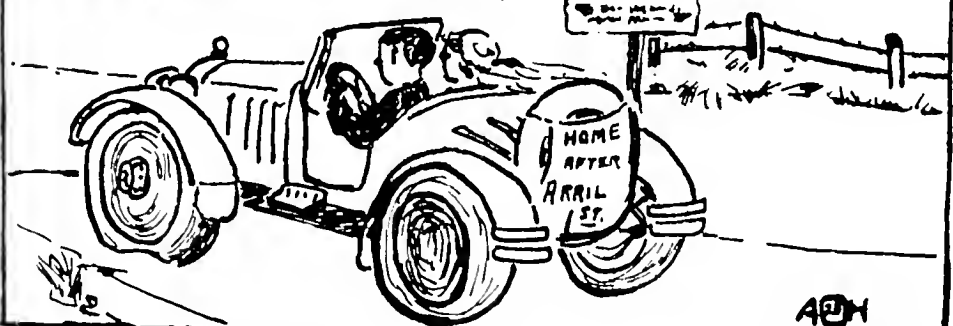
ANNIE
PUGH

"QUEEN OF SHEBA"



GERTRUDE
GREGG

JIM PATTON AND "PEG" SEIBERT



HOME
AFTER
ARRIL
ST.

ACH



CLASS OF 1926

JUNIOR ASSISTANT EDITORIAL STAFF

Assistant EditorEwing Murphy
Assistant Literary Editor.....Virginia Drynan
Assistant Athletic Editor.....William Ridge
Assistant Organizations Editor.....Edith Iland
Assistant Society Editor.....Mildred McCormick
Assistant Smiles Editor.....Bob Brush
Assistant Alumni Editor.....Zella Irwin
Assistant Art Editor.....Ralph Chambordon

Class of '26 JUNIORS

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '26

"Backward, fly backward, oh, time in your flight,

"And make us all Freshmen just for tonight!"

How green, yet how puffed up! At last, after years of study and drudgery, we landed in High School. High School! What a wonderful feeling to say you go to High School! The rules may seem different or the teachers cross, but what matters, now your one ambition has at last been realized? Of course it took some time for us "Freshies" to get acquainted, but by mid-term we knew each other fairly well.

Our most memorable event that year was the trip to Heinz' with Miss Spangler. Imagine the width of our hats at the thought of being excused from school while the other classes stayed at home. Our next adventure was to Kennywood Park. Of course all the classes went but we went as "Freshmen" and not as eighth graders or kindergarten children. Of course the dignified seniors watched with horror-stricken eyes as we shot down one side of the "Jack Rabbit" and then up the other, but we were out for a good time and intended to have it.

Examinations came only too quickly and final marks separated many of us. All summer we planned for our next entrance into High School—this time as giggling Sophomores and not as "Green Freshies." What if we were gigglers? We could enjoy a joke and weren't English.

At last our ideal was fulfilled and down at the left-hand side of chapel we took our places. No more lectures would miss our hungry ears. Our one thought was to "live and learn," and so we did from day to day. Miss Delo will tell you how we slaved over original stories and definitions and how, after days of drudgery, we learned to write, recite and read properly.

Chalk mark number two for us. We put across a big party during the first semester and celebrated our second year in C. H. S.

Juniors at last, and as jolly as any Junior could hope to be. Again our chapel seats were moved and we willed all chewing gum and chapel seats for Sophs to the Freshies of yesterday. This time we found ourselves to the right of the auditorium just one step behind the Seniors. How many of us will fill the vacancies of outgoing Seniors?

Again the bell of time rings and we soon reach the date when every Junior class is privileged to give a party. With one accord we tried to outdo our Sophomore party and make our Junior party twice the success that our previous one had been. Of course we're bashful and hate to acknowledge it, but we had one of the finest parties ever given.

It seemed only a few days until plans for the "prom" were begun, committees selected, and the real work begun.

Of course, the Seniors were there with all their dignity and poise, but our Jolly bunch forgot dignity and poise, for the time being, and heartily enjoyed ourselves. We dare say that the Seniors did too, but because of their stations they retained that long face which becomes every Senior.

Isn't it miserable that every time one feels that they could live in the spirit of parties forever work has to show its smiling face to taunt one? So it was—work brought us all to earth and prepared us for finals as was our lot.

Next year we hope to gather in Room III and learn the art of dignity.

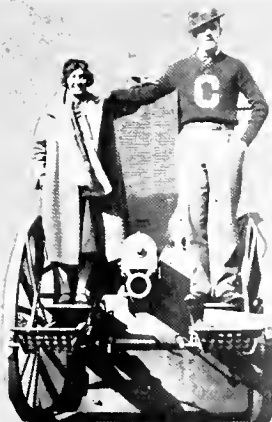
VIRGINIA DRYNAN '26

Page Thirty-One

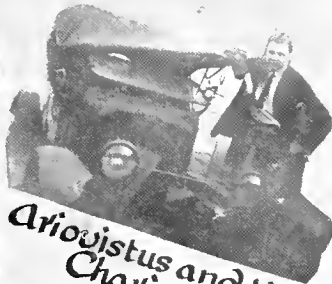




The Quintet



Behind the firing Line



Artouistus and his Chariot



"Mem" Herself



Bill Ridge & his freaks



Want some Candy



Boobs



Speed



The Gang



"Lumptyum"



"Stan"



Jinnie Twins

THE BUNK

"Roosh" (sound the oo softly as in fish) Holsinger: Basketball and chewing gum star. Also French, English and Physics.

"Edie Hand: She's a very pulchritudinous. She attributes it to Palmolive, but we've used it for two months and it has not made us so.

"Scrooge" Marshall: K.K.K. (Karlburg's Klever Klerk).

"Jim" Corcoran: Him und Marshall iss chumps togedder.

"Tiny" Staley: She gives evidence of becoming a rival for the title of bantam weight champion.

"Fritz" Reeve: He's Welsh's Wise and Winning Willing Worker. He says so himself.

John Amon: He'll be happy in his old age. We told him a joke last week.

Elsie Wasko and "Matt" McBride: Aspire to follow in Miss Sloan's footsteps, as teachers of shorthand.

Henry Pompeo: Aims to be a C. P. A. Co. (Certified Public Ash Collector).

Lisle Weaver: Spin, laddie, spin!

Emma Rattlesdorfer: Rattles D'Orfer of Patagonia at about 400 B. C. P. (Before Cross-word Puzzles) was the originator of this tribe.

"Brute" Tibbals: Famous football mud guard. Team runner, end runner, home runner, sled runner, etc., etc.

"Mem" McCormick: "Mammy's Little Soft Coal Rose."

"Bill" Ridge: All round athlete, but we know he's square; we looked at his head.

"Ed" Smith: O. U. Sheik.

"Ginn" Withrow: With-a-roll? But no! In her case it must be a chocolate eclair.

"Speed" Murphy: His ambition is to throw a raw egg into the center of an electric fan. He stipulates that it must be moving, for anyone can do it if it is motionless.

"Mad" Kelly: A little bit of Irish from Erin. Her surname tells the tale, otherwise she's sane.

"Monte" Kimball: Take the Pittsburgh Post Comic Sheet. Find the bozo labeled Horace. That's Kimball.

Ruth Miller: Living on the river all school term, she is preparing to go "Down to the Sea in Ships."

"Bob" Starrett: Chicken expert. (Two varieties).

"Tubby" Martinelli: He longs to join a circus as the human skeleton.

"Sally" Becker: Soon will the old song "Sally in our Alley" be obsolete. It will be "Sally's Alley" for she intends to set up a bowling establishment.

Parker Key: Intends to be an ice cream manufacturer. He will learn the business from the ground up, starting as the ice man.

"Anner" Moses: More long tresses.

"Stan" Thompson: Oh, pshaw!

Anna Knobloch: Maybe not, but she has a perfectly good head.

Fred Skinkle: What's in a name? The school has been "Skinkleized—the Junior class doubly so.

Monica Cusack: She is fading away to a mere nothing. It is now slightly easier to go around her than to jump over.

"Hank" Chambordon: More Sax.

Eleanor Burns: Oh, fireman, save my child!

"Jim" Bovard: (With apologies to Longfellow).

The shades of night were falling fast,
As Jim stepped on it and rushed past;
A crash—he died without a sound,
They opened up his head and found—
Excelsior!

"Dutch" Corbett: She's too loquacious, and besides, she talks too much. She was vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

"Red" Barnes: He says its auburn.

Elsie Beggs: When she marries, we will say, "Elsie begs no more."

Leo Hutter: Took a prize as the most beautiful girl last week. He hid behind a dimple and they couldn't see him.

"Bing" Neison: She's little, but "good things come in small packages."

Lloyd McConnell: Wishes to be the P. A. (Pompeo's Assistant).

Johanne Pastore: Just like Johanne d' Arc.

"Buck" Braden: He'll be president some day, if he uses his chance right. P. S. President of what?

"Art" Dick: "Life, liberty, and a place to park."

Margaret Hood: She'll do for Art Dick's Ford. It needs a new one.

"Bob" Brush: We can't choose our names or our physiques, but we can pick our teeth.

"Butch" Germerodt: Will he fall in line? No, he is too much of a bruiser.

"Jimm" Drynan: Though she lives in Sewickley, she comes to Cory High. Judgment? We'll say!

"Ernie" Hofacker: Noted for—Anglo-Saxon, minus the Anglo.

"Bibs" McElravy: She practices chewing gum and typewriting, the two chief requirements for "a good stenog".

"Georgie" Buchman: The book-man? No. He's janitor at the Dorset Klub.

"Pat" Irwin: No, she isn't Irish. When she trips the "light fantastic", she wears slippers, not brogans.

Mildred Bubbs: Her ambition is to be a Parisian mannequin.

"Bill" Conway: A geometry shark. He is working on the ancient problem of squaring the circle. He announces he has nearly accomplished the feat.

"Barney" Baker: She's a fast worker. She is out with a sheik every night—in her dreams.

"Christy" Ross: Loves "math" like an elephant loves mice.

Frank Gasper: He comes from Kendall. That is all our private detective has been able to find out concerning him.

"Ad" Haushalter: Something she has never seen—the sunrise.

"Moe" Smoose: Wanted: A pony. Must be a thoroughbred Caesar and an experienced goat catcher, for Caesar has my best Angora.

Edna Culbertson: Perfect lady. Perfect student. Perfect friend. What could be more perfect?

John Ranshaw: We predict great fame for him as a musician. He says he played on the linoleum when he was two years old.

"Kitty" Ranshaw: Doesn't she sound like a cat? She isn't, but she purrs if you stroke her and scratches if you rub her the wrong way.

K. R. and J. R.

Page Thirty-Five

WISE CRACKS FROM THE JOLLY JUNIORS

Leo Hutter: Where shall we go to-nite?

Porter Barnes: Toss a coin, heads we go to the dance, tails we go to the show, if it stands on edge we will go home and study.

Art Dick: Let me help, I can tell you something about a Ford.

Ernie Hofacker: Well keep it to yourself, there are ladies present.

Mr. Wimmer: (hunting for someone to go on an errand) Has anyone here a bicycle?

Buck Braden: No, but I have a pony.

John Ranshaw: Why do you call your car "Paul Revere".

Monte Kimball: Because of its midnight rides.

Her dad: No boy can kiss my daughter and get away with it.

Louie Raskin: But I'm not trying to get away! I came back for more.

Here is a maiden, she heartily peeves me.

She is my pettest by far;

All winter she likes me, in springtime she leaves me,

For the wealthy young chap with a car.

(John Amon speaking from experience.)

Mr. Taylor: What is ecclesiastical history?

"Barney" Baker: History that stretches.

Erma Smoose: Did you ever meet a bob-haired bandit?

Jim Boyard: Meet one? I take one out every night.

Edith Hland: Isn't Leo Hutter bashful?

Pat Irwin: He is so bashful he blushes when he gets lady fingers for lunch.

Bill Ridge: Do you charge batteries here?

Al Ewing: Yes.

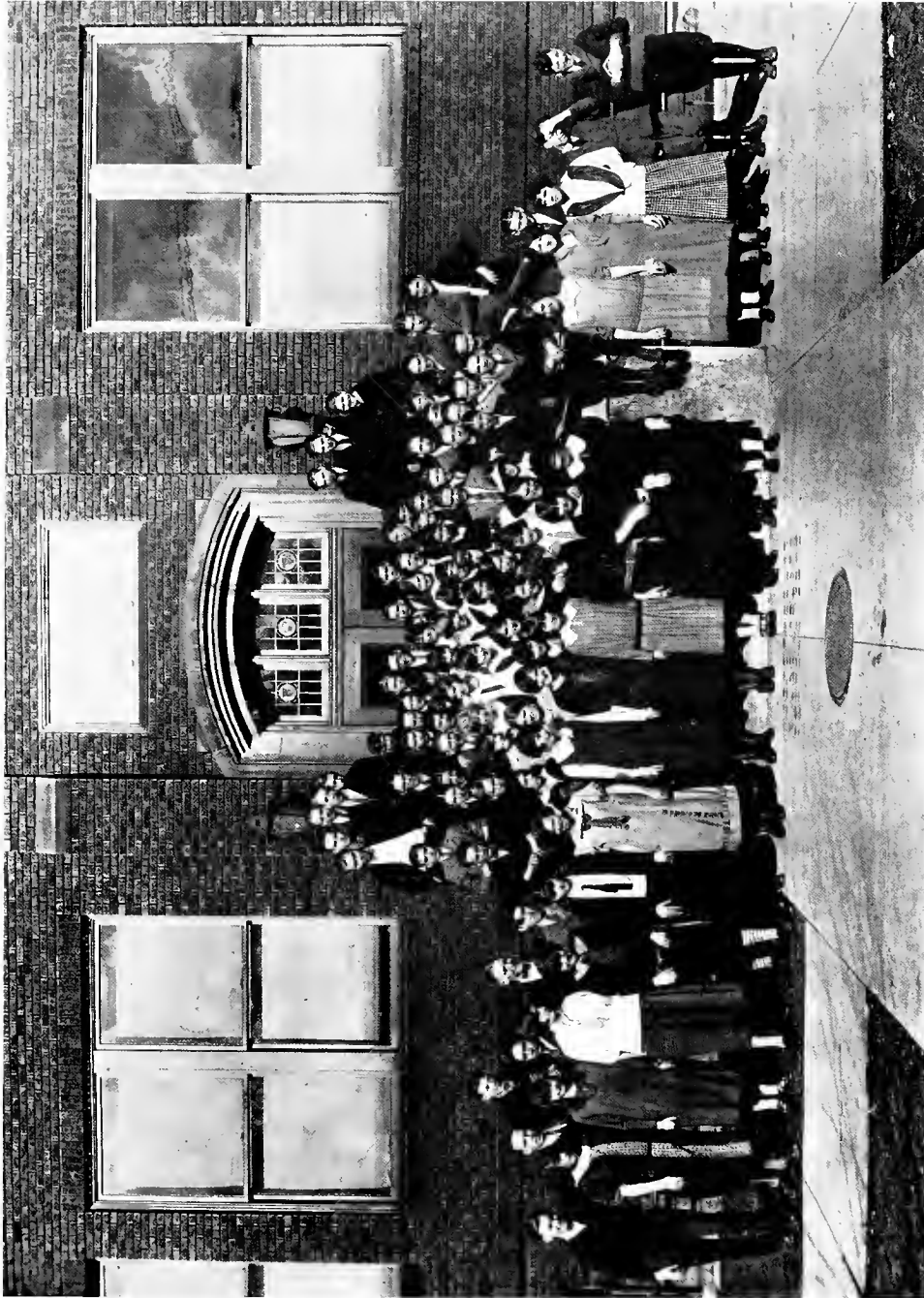
Bill: Well give me one and charge it till next week.

John Amon: Can you stand on your head.

Phil Tinker: No, it's too high.

A PRAYER

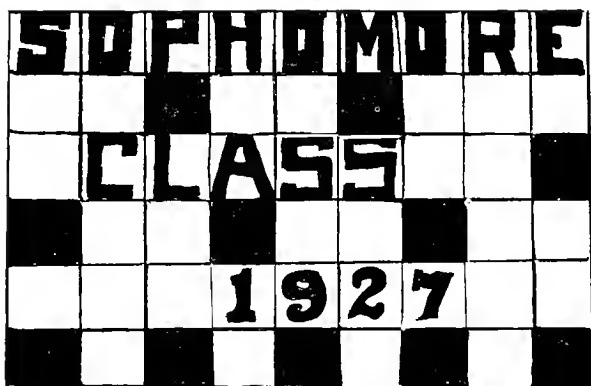
Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery—
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.



CLASS OF 1927

SOPHOMORE ASSISTANT EDITORIAL STAFF

Assistant Literary Editor.....Mary Stuart
Assistant Athletic Editor.....Frederick Vincent
Assistant Society Editor.....Geraldine Richey
Assistant Smiles Editor.....George Murray
Assistant Alumni Editor.....Jeanne McCague
Assistant Art Editor.....Herman Lamark
Assistant Advertising Editor.....Herbert Welsh



THE HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CIASS

When we, the class of 1927, began our career as students in Coraopolis High School, we determined to make our class the best one that had entered, and we think that we have thus far succeeded.

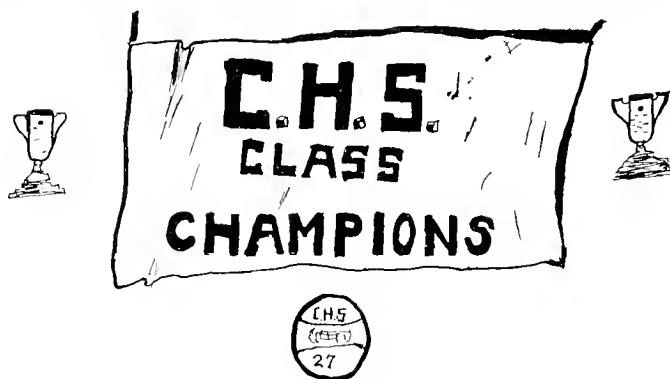
Our chief Freshman activity was basketball, and in this game we were ably represented by Robert Thompson on the varsity squad and Herman Larmark on the second team. Alice Corcoran and Jessie Rhodabarger were excellent players on the girls' second team. The ability of our class team was shown when, in the inter-class games, we defeated both boys' and girls' teams of our upper class rivals, the Sophomores.

Our Freshman year passed rapidly and in September, 1924, although our number was slightly smaller than in September, 1923, we began our second year of high school life. This year has proved to be much more eventful than our first.

The first real event of the year was the class election. We elected George Minch as our president and he, with our other capable officers, Harry Jones, vice president, Nancy McBride, secretary, and Alice Corcoran, treasurer, helped us to shoulder our responsibilities.

We gained our first Sophomore laurels in the national "Home Lighting Contest" when four of our number, Mary Stuart, William Weisner, Thomas Pastore, and Nancy Borland won fifth, sixth, eighth, and twelfth prizes, respectively, in the local contest. But above all, these four Sophomores were the only students in C.H.S. to be so nobly rewarded for their stupendous efforts.

Shortly after the beginning of the second semester, many of us bought felt pennants, scarfs, and monograms in blue and white, our school and class



colors, and these aided greatly in bringing about the crowning event of the school year, namely, the Sophomore championship in the interclass basketball games.

The chief social event of the year was, of course, the Sophomore party, a very successful affair, as all who attended (and some who did not) well know.

The chorus, I am sure, could not exist without the sweet voices of its many Sophomore members and were Dan's trombone, Frank's cello, and the numerous other Sophomore instruments omitted, the orchestra would lack much of its harmony. Our literary programs are of unusual merit, as can be shown by the large representation of Sophomores in the public literary program held early in the year.

Many of our girls are active members of the Go-to-College Club and a great number of the fellows are interested in Hi-Y.

Several of our fellows made the football "scrub" team, but you will hear more of us in that activity next year. Frederick Vincent and Robert Thompson received the high school "C" for basketball prowess and several other Sophomores who were not quite able to make the grade this year will receive their letters at the close of next season. Our girls are still working hard, and by next year it is quite likely that some of them will grace the first team.

We have now come to a pause in the history of the class of 1927, but, if I am not mistaken, we will still carry on, whether we be Sophomores or Juniors, as we will be when you meet with us again.

MARY E. STUART



"The four short years we've all spent
here

Seemed shorter every year;
But now they seem most ended
For the parting time is near.

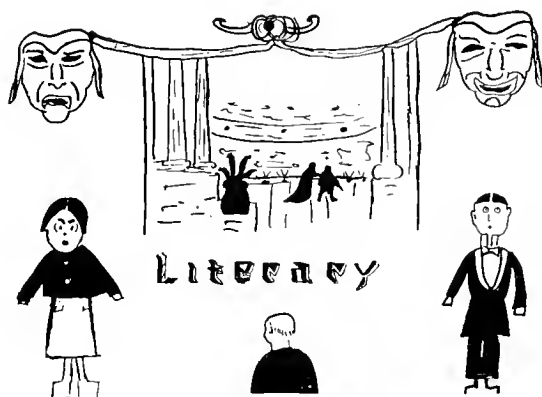
We will forever reap the days
We spent here, in work and play,
Upon our walls of memory
And delight in their display.

We have had some jolly days within
The walls of this old school,
Where we have gained our knowledge
And been taught the golden rule.

We would love to linger longer,
But for someone else a place
We move into the world-so soon
The race of life to face.

So when the ace of life is ended,
When life seems almost run,
We will never feel more lonely
Than when Hi School days were
done."

PAULINE REED



Scotty: I passed my exams with ease.
Herb: With E's? How did you do it?

Bill: Do you ride in Yellow cabs?
Peb: Yes, but not in the cab part.

Tubby: "Did you know that the world fliers were lost in the Arctics for about a week?
Bob: No! How did they keep from freezing?
Tubby: Oh, they landed on a mountain range.

Wilt: I can speak every language but Greek.
Fritz: All right translate this—"Comment vous portez-vous ce matin, m'sieu?"
Wilt: Hum—that's Greek to me.

Jan: Did you ever notice what a lot of muscle a singer has?
Geraldine: Yes—I guess that comes from reaching for high notes.

Herman: I certainly enjoyed that dance.
Mac: I'm so glad, I know now that I lost these slippers to a good cause.

Sonny: I received a letter from my girl today.
George: Is that so, where's she working now?

Mr. Wimmer: When did Caesar win his greatest victory?
Frank C.: On examination day, I think.

Miss Delo: What kind of poetry has four feet to a line?
Roland: Qaudrepedic poetry.

Duane: I wonder what makes the Tower of Pisa lean so?
Chuck: Worry over the thoughts of how near it is to falling, I guess.

Elmer: What does "Hokus Pokus" mean?
Bill W: Oh, that's a name to conjure with.

Bob M: Whose car was that I saw you in today?
Art: That wasn't a car, that was my Ford.



CLASS OF 1928

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY.

The latest Broadcasting Station is Z. Z. Z. X.—in other words, Coraopolis High School.

The performers of this station are principally the Freshman Class of 1924-25. In addition to the resident freshmen, there are many who have come from other schools and towns to display and broadcast their many (?) talents. At the beginning of the term we numbered one hundred forty strong.

The superintendent of this station is Mr. J. C. Werner; chief operator, Mr. M. B. Horner; and the broadcasters of our programs for each of the five school days in every week for the thirty eight weeks of the school, our various teachers.

September 2, 1924. On this date information was broadcasted that the largest class of freshmen (better-known as "Greenies" to the upper-classmen) ever entering the High School, would occupy several rooms of the building.

A few weeks later chorus and orchestra applicants were heard and among them were several freshmen, who were admitted, adding to the honor of the freshmen as well as to Station Z. Z. Z. X.

October 23, 1924. Another great event was broadcasted throughout the halls upon this date, for the organization of "The Ever Ready Juniors" was effected, under the careful supervision of our civics teacher, Miss Spangler. Welfare committees of this club helped to cheer the sick students of the class during their absences, and during the winter months provided food for our snow birds. The freshmen of the civics classes donated the sum of three hundred dollars to the new Junior High School library. This amount was presented to Mr. Werner in Chapel by Richard Thomas. This money was raised by the selling of subscriptions—for the class excelled in this work, showing what skill we possessed as salesmen, and by the results gained that we had ability to sell. We strongly suspect that there are many salesmen in embryo in our class and that this is only the beginning of their salesmanship career.

Later, Literary Clubs were formed in the English classes, and many of us took part in the programs, which were enlivened by violinists from our different divisions. These minor appearances before our class are the beginnings of our public speaking career. By speaking and playing before our members, we gain confidence in ourselves, which later will serve us well as we progress through our high school years. Many public programs were given from time to time, in which the Freshman class had the honor of being represented.

March 17, 1925. The forming of "Ever Ready Junior Basketball Teams" took place and the welcome news was broadcasted that games would be played in the near future between the different divisions of the class.

March 20, 1925. It was broadcasted on this date that the Freshman boys defeated the Junior boys in an interclass game by a glorious score of 13-10. This alone shows what skill we freshmen have, and we might develop more of it, but for the fact that we wish to be fair to our upper-classmen.

The present enrollment of the class numbers one hundred thirty six and we are proud to say that but few have left us to attend other stations of knowledge.

Anyone wishing to communicate with the class, which is well known throughout the educational world, can tune in any day of the school term between eight thirty a. m. and three forty p. m., at which time this station is open.

June 12, 1925. On this date "The Ever Ready Juniors" will sign off. We are looking forward to the time when we shall participate in many activities, so that when we become seniors, we shall carry hope, faith and service in all which we do, ever mindful of these most important elements, honor and loyalty to the High School of Coraopolis.

JUVIA DAVENPORT

Page Forty-Three

DICTIONARY FOR FRESHMEN IN THE VERNACULAR OF C. H. S.

(Compiled especially for the benefit of the Freshmen, to enable them to understand and take part in the chief extra-curriculum activity—general conversation.

1. ATTENTION: Something found anywhere but in the classroom.
2. ACTOR: One who plays the part of a well-prepared student when he has never looked at a lesson.
3. BANGS: Curtailment of woman's crowning glory.
4. BREVITY: Lesson assignments.
5. CHEWING: Unpardonable sin.
6. DANCE: Unpopular form of exercise.
7. DEFICIT: Usual condition of class treasury.
8. EXAMINATION: A time during which the mind appears to be absent from the body or rapt in visions; a temporary cessation of mental activity; a suspension of sensation and volition while the heart and lungs continue to act.
9. FICTION: Some recitations.
10. FOOD: Tabooed.
11. FRESHMAN: Resembling the spring.
12. GRADES: Set of hieroglyphics; our monthly "pay checks," so called.
13. HOLIDAY: Unknown quantity.
14. INEXHAUSTIBLE: Sophomore knowledge.
15. JUNIORS: Faculty's joy.
16. LAB: An experience detrimental to health.
17. MESS: Monday examination papers.
18. NEIGHBOR: A convenient possessor of what you want.
19. ONIONS: "Wealth of the nations."
20. POETRY: Expression of a noble, lofty thought or ideal in a smooth, oily manner.
21. PROPAGANDA: We always depend upon this group to make things go.
22. QUOTATIONS: Promptings.
23. REFUGEE: One who forgets to report to Miss Delo at 11:15.
24. S. O. L.: "Sing out; louder."
25. SATISFACTION: State of affairs among the Seniors.
26. TACTICS: Manoeuvring to make the "powers that be" see your point of view.
27. USELESS: Excuses.
28. VAGUE: Yesterday's explanation of today's assignment.
29. YELL: Harmonious expression intended to frighten (also deafen) anyone within a twenty mile radius.
30. ZERO: Goose egg, (not golden)

Mr. Horner, examing Wilson's excuse: So you were at a funeral?

Wilson: Yes, sir.

Mr. Horner: Who died?

Wilson: Oh, I don't know I just went for the ride.

June: Did you hear that Sal had an operation performed on her eyes?

Edith: No. What was the trouble?

June: She had to have the goo-goo taken out of them.

Francis: I see they're talking about having negro policemen.

Tom: That isn't right. It's hard enough to find a white policeman after dark.

Jaro: Did you ever read "The Skyscraper"?

Ernest: No.

Jaro: You ought to. There are eighteen good stories in it.

Lada: My girl's father is an undertaker. He has invented an automobile hearse. Folks are just dying to ride in it.

Morrow: Punkin, there's nothing that beats a good wife.

Wilbur: Yes, there is.—A bad husband.

Irvine: Do you think of the future?

Bill: No. This is my wife's birthday and I am thinking of the present.

Red: Gimme some 'lasses. Dock?

Dock: You mustn't say 'lasses. You must say molasses.

Red: What is you talking about? How's I goin' to say mo 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?

Ruth: Did your sister marry a rich husband?

Rheta: No. He's a rich man but a poor husband.

Ralph: Do you believe that dark haired men marry first?

Glenn: No. It's the light headed ones.

Judge: They tell me you are up for stealing. What do you have to say for yourself?

Al: I'm under doctor's order and he says to take things easy.



ANGELS IN DISGUISE

"Precious does not extol the greatness
Of our priceless gift on earth,
Nor can any human utter
Or profess the wondrous worth.

Of our dearest human angel,
Our mother dear and true,
Oh! that we could know the value,
Could duly praise and love her too.

So we would feel more worthy
Of God's wondrous gift to us,
When he gave us our dear mothers
And all their preciousness.

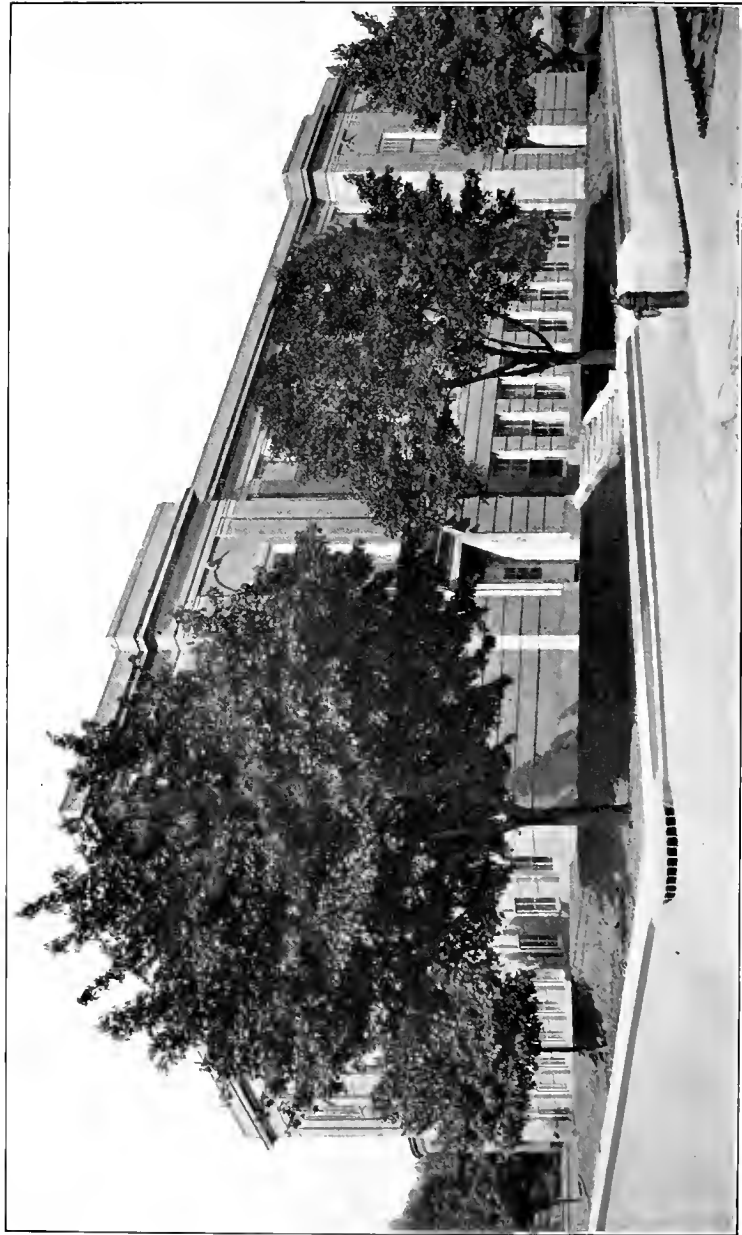
Little do we feel the honor
Nor little we surmise
That our daily life companion
Is an angel in disguise.

We can never hope to pay her
For all the time she spent
In caring for our comforts
And all the pleasures lent.

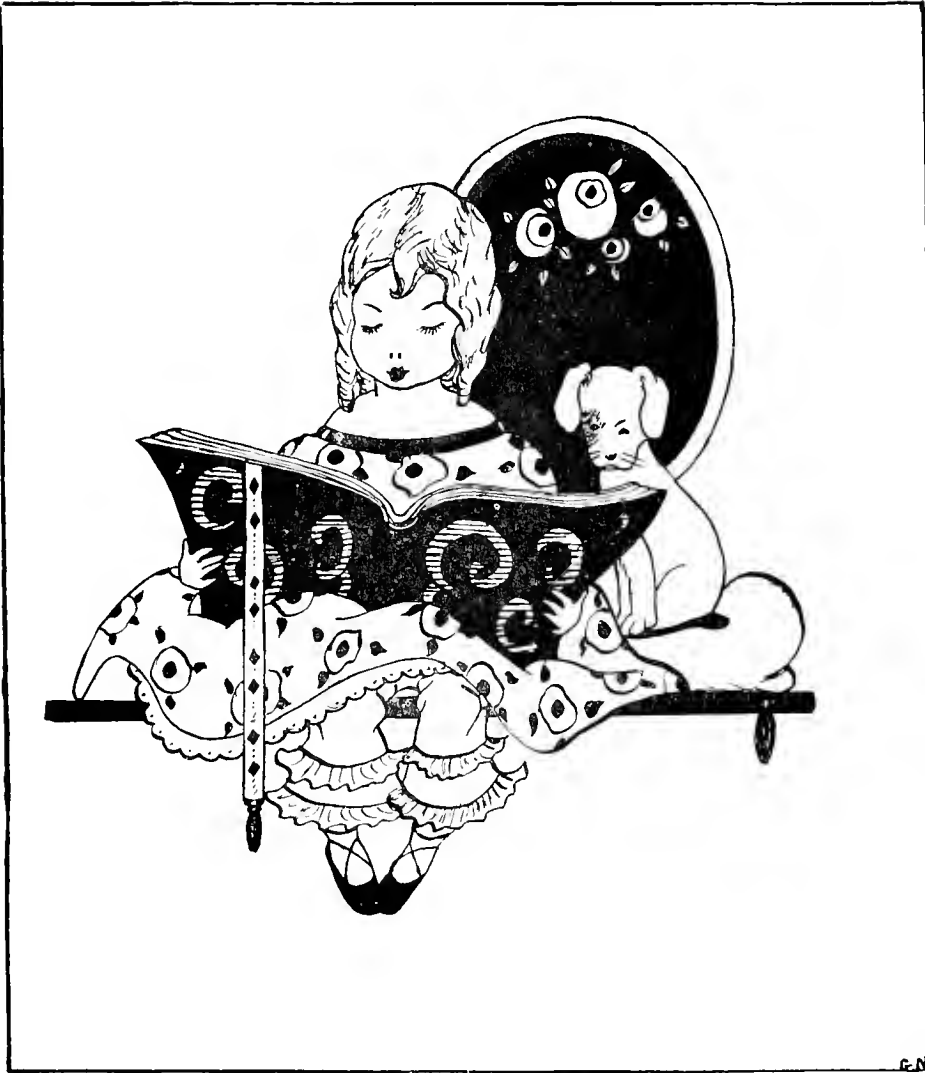
So on your wall of memory
Save the space of greatest size,
So you'll ever more remember
You've an angel in disguise."

PAULINE REED

Page Forty-Five



NEW JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



LITERARY

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

EditorThora Thompson
AssistantEthel Ferree

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS—"BENT TWIGS"

It is a well known fact, that when a twig on a tree is once bent, although it may continue to live, it always remains in the same position.

Did you ever stop to realize that humanity has its bent twigs?

Does not a misdeed or a mistake in one's life, for all things are important in this world, taint all the good which that person may do as long as he lives? Therefore, let us be careful how we mold our lives; let us try to do all that is good, and true and pure, for, as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.

We usually declare, that what has happened or what will happen, is Fate's judgment. What is Fate? Fate may be defined as a combination of circumstances beyond human control. Such combinations do exist, perhaps, but not to the extent that many believe. It is difficult to define just exactly how far man may govern his own course, but I do maintain that, to a certain extent, man is the architect of his destiny.

Fate may well be likened to an adventurous boy, who, just to see what may happen, picks up a stray cat, holding him by the tail, whirls him round and round and hurls him into space.

The cat, once free from the cruel grasp of the boy, completes many a whirl, in the air, and at last, to the boy's astonished and unbelieving eyes, he lands firmly on his feet, once again on solid ground.

Just so, Fate, just as adventurous, just as uncertain of what may happen, grasps a man, twirls him round and round and hurls him into space.

Man, not unlike the cat, completes many a whirl as he travels through profound space, but, unfortunately for some, men, unlike cats, are not all alike. For some weaklings, unused to the hands of Fate, come falling down and land on their heads, toppling over on their backs. These men Fate leaves just where they fell, they are just as good as dead—nothing more than a bent and broken twig. But some there are, who, when at last the earth and they do meet, are always found right side up, because they land upon their feet.

That man it is who can readily say:

"I am the Master of my Fate.

I am the Captain of my Soul."

There are some outstanding things, however, which must necessarily influence one's life, but even with them, we can influence our control.

Health, the first greatest blessing, lies greatly within our own control. A naturally strong body may be weakened by excess, and a weak one, greatly strengthened by temperance and care. It is to our health, we first and generally turn in the long run, because it is the foundation, the stepping stone to higher ideals. If we only had the will power and stick-to-it-iveness, many of us could overcome our physical handicaps.

Not only is a sound body essential to meet life's tasks, but a strong and workable mind as well. Thus, a well balanced mind may be acquired by striving to conquer the faults of our disposition, gain strong principles, and live a Christian life. Competent fortune, even if denied us, when we start life's journey, may be earned through honest labor. Talents, to be sure, are God's gift, but we may improve and cherish them, making them blessings; or we may abuse and neglect them, rendering them our own curse. Thus, we may bend our lives to all that is good and pure, or just as easily, and often more easily, bind them to all that is unworthy. To the brave, true man, Fate is the decree of Providence. To the coward, it is every petty cross that impedes his onward way, every trifling circumstance that he cannot easily overcome. It may sound startling to say that many of the most respectable might truly be declared to be "Moral Tramps."

And yet this statement can be made good. It is not suggested that the external raggedness corresponds with anything in our moral life. But, apart from that, there is one characteristic of the tramp's program which is char-

acteristic in the morale of so many. In the tramp's journeying to and fro, nothing definite exists. He has no settled goal but pursues a zigzag and eccentric course according as the moment's circumstances may decide.

He is no traveler, but only a tramp, in spite of all the miles his movements have covered. It is in this casual characteristic of his progress that the point of correspondence is found. Our life is frequently termed a pilgrimage. For many it is an aimless tramp. Comparatively few hold fixedly before themselves any definite goal for which to strive. Would it not be much better to hitch our wagon to a star? Not to deceive ourselves into being a moral tramp, but—"To thine own self be true and thou canst not then be false to any man."

There are some characters who can influence us greatly. They shine their suggestions of good upon us with an irresistible power.

How may we, in some degree, attain the influence of a life like this? Only one who has a goal in view, who is not a weakling. He only that is the Master of his Fate, the Captain of his Soul, can dare to even aspire to such a position. But let us never lose sight of the fact that we can only be the Master of our Fate and the Captain of our Soul through the One, who is the Master of us all.

But it means skilled and careful steering to keep one's ship in the true course as it is tossed hither and thither by storms of life, and is often driven far out to sea, where the waters are storm tossed and the waves dangerous. Many a life's ship, thought to be securely moored, has been carried from port, in the waves that were made by ocean ships that pass in the night, and when at last dawn comes, and the captain awakes to find himself far from home, in unknown and, perhaps undiscovered deeps, then, when comes the testing time for him, will he fail? Will all that remains of what was once a pure and noble life be dashed to pieces upon the rocks, to lie a shattered heap along the sands of time? Or will he prove true? Will he rise to the situation and grimly steer his ship on and on and on?

"There's a land, where a man

To live, must be a man."

Such is the immortal law of Fate in the land of tomorrow--the tomorrow that is already today.

Men of pure heart, steadfast of purpose, men who do things worth while, are the qualifications of those who would live in this present-future land. For those the going must be straight. Their motto must be "Above all things, Truth beareth away the Victory."

However, there is a second path, which appears attractive as the way of least resistance. He who follows this path, has no aim in life and considers not his future.

It is followers of the first path, that Fate needs. They are the only one's who can answer Fate's call from out the deep:

Bring me men to match my mountains
Bring me men to match my plains
Men with empires in their purpose
And new eras in their brains,
Bring me men to match my prairies
Men to match my inland seas,
Men whose throats shall prove a highway
Up to ampler destinies,
Pioneers to clear life's marshlands
And to cleanse old error's few,
Bring me men to match my mountains
Bring me men to match my forests
Strong to fight the storms and blast
Branching toward the skyey future. HELENE WINTERS

JUNIOR PRIZE STORY—"A-DEAL-A CONTENT"

Harrison was his real name. 'Has' was one nickname, and 'Heck' was the name by which he was most frequently distinguished in the college. His teachers called him by his surname which was Taylor. He was an athlete, a star in all sports.

Her name, for of course there was a girl—what college would be complete without one—was Adele Content, and since—'Dele' is too feminine for an athlete, her friends promptly named her 'Dee'. She owned a duck of a little motor boat, and her friends, seeing how delighted she was with it, promptly called it "A-Deal-A Content" in honor of Adele Content, its proud possessor, and "A-Deal-A Content" it remained.

Heck and Dee, these two athletes, were Juniors and fine friends, as all good Juniors are, so naturally their common love for athletics drew them even more into close companionship, for Dee was not a man's lady, but a boy's pal; and no more was Heck a lady's man, he was a boy, a gentleman, and an athlete, through and through. Dee's chum was Gene Taylor, Heck's twin sister. The two girls had met as freshmen in college and had remained pals throughout, until now in their Junior year, they had become inseparable.

On the evening of June fifteenth, the college athletes were to have a swimming exhibition in the large pool at the college. Heck and Dee were the two stars of the evening, both were to exhibit high diving and skill in fast swimming. Heck's dives were marvels of perfection, but Dee's were those of unexcelled grace, and the cheers for both were deafening. Then came the endurance test. Dee's sped was equal to that of the former boy champion of college, and Heck beat Dee by several yards. Both had taken medals for high diving and expert swimming, and now at the close of the exhibition their friends waited impatiently for their appearance. It was only eight o'clock, and there were two hours left in which to celebrate. Needless to say, they celebrated.

When the 'stars' of the evening finally appeared, the excitement was great, and after a prolonged discussion, the crowd decided on a quiet confectioner's shop in which to have the celebration; for, claimed the girls, we have something to propose.

"Six cokes with cherries, and six carmel-nut sundies," was the order one of the fellows gave after consulting the crowd, "and make it snappy."

"Well girls tell us the big plan," said Heck.

"No, no," replied Gene as one of the girls started, "no one but Dee is allowed to disclose our dark and deadly secret, for she's it."

"Alright," answered Dee, "but first, Heck must agree to carry it out no matter how silly it may seem to him. What's your answer Heck?"

"Well I'll agree on one condition," replied that young man, "providing it won't make a fool of me."

"Oh, it won't," assured the girls in a chorus.

Dee gave a sigh and started, "It's this," she said, "are you willing to race two miles across the lake with me, swimming, of course?"

All was still for a moment, and then Heck laughed, "Me," he said, "race with a girl, well fellows, it's time to laugh."

"Well of all the insults," replied Dee, "I wish I'd never asked you, and besides, Heck, you've given your promise."

"Why so you have," shouted the fellows, "and a good sport never backs out."

So it was that Heck, caught in an inevitable trap, was booked to race a girl for a distance of two miles out in the lake, and that girl one of his best friends, at that.

There was one week in which to practice for that race. Dee practiced faithfully, and Heck kept in good training, for, although he would not admit

it, even to himself, he was not a little worried as to the outcome of the race.

June twenty-second, the day of the race, came at last, and at three in the afternoon, partially the whole Junior class was on the shore of the lake. Gene and the Athletic Prof, were to go out two miles in "A-Deal-A Content," so as soon as they had seen Heck and Dee shake hands, they started, Gene's eyes watching closely her brother, and dearest chum. Those two were well worth watching.

Heck was six feet in height, slender of build, and decidedly brunette. Dee was tall also, though not too tall, and had light golden brown hair, sparkling brown eyes, and dimpled cheeks. Both athletes were good looking and neither knew it.

Fifteen minutes sped along, and then Heck and Dee stood poised for the dive. At the shot of the pistol, the two bodies made a swan like movement, and then a gentle splash was heard. Both dives had been clear cut, the race was on, and loud cheers rent the air. On they swam, one minute Heck took the lead, and the next Dee was ahead. In this way the race advanced, and when the swimmers were no longer in sight, the crowd became impatient, but to Dee and Heck, this race was no longer play; it was a hard test, but a fair one. However, they swam along side by side, smiles of friendship coming to the lips of each, when their eyes chanced to meet, for these two were sports, and each knew that the mere winning of a race would make no difference in their feelings toward each other. Just as they were tiring slightly, they reached the goal, and oh the relief, for it was true, it was a tie.

"Now that is what I call a good race," remarked the Professor.

"Here too," said Gene, "and I must say, Dee, you led my twin a merry chase."

"She certainly did" agreed Heck, climbing into the boat after Dee. "For awhile, I thought it would be another case of the tortoise and the hare. Accept my apologies, fair dame, for ever having made fun of racing with a girl."

In this jocular mood, the four went back to the waiting crowd. When they came within sight of the shore, the Prof picked up a megaphone and yelled, "A tie, a tie." Naturally the two athletes were petted all afternoon and evening, and that night the Junior class had a beach party in their honor. It was still light when six girls, with the permission of Adele, took the "A-Deal-A Content" and went for a boat ride. Among them was a girl who had always disliked Dee and been hateful to her, but Dee never held a grudge, and so had no objection to her occupying the boat. This same girl got to cutting up, and in the midst of the merry-making, she toppled overboard, for she had been standing. None of the six girls could swim but all could scream, and this they did, the entire group yelling at the top of their lungs. The fellows were up getting the spread, and so Dee, hearing the screams, and realizing that the boys were too far away to be of any help, threw off her shoes, and with a dive that covered a great distance in the water, she set out to save the now terrified girl. In a very few minutes she had caught her in a strong grasp, and seeing that the girls in the boat had lost their heads completely and would be of no use, she swam for the shore with her burden. It was not far, but it seemed to Dee, dragging with her the now unconscious girl, that it took hours and hours to reach it. When she finally did scramble out onto the beach, she let go of the girl whose life she had saved, and sank to the ground exhausted.

For a week or two after the event Dee was a heroine in the eyes of her classmates, and no one was louder in his praises than was Heck, for in his eyes, she was a real heroine. She had saved the life of a girl, when she had just undergone the excitement of a race, and that girl was one of her most bitter enemies.

Dee was given a medal for life-saving, but to quote her own words,

"Medals tarnish, but true friends don't, and if by saving the life of every enemy I was able to make that enemy my friend, as in this case, I would willingly risk all to do so." For Geraldine Black, the jealous enemy of Adele Content, had finally realized the sterling worth of Dee, and was now a true comrade.

Adele Content is no longer Dee among her friends, for through her frank and merry nature, she has become, "A-DEAL-A CONTENT" to all who know her.

BERNICE NEISON

CHARACTER SKETCH OF PORTIA

Portia was a beautiful lady who lived in Belmont, Italy. She is the heroine of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and is one of his favorite characters. Shelling speaks of her as "the sound-hearted, adorable creature of the poet's brain, wealthily endowed with a reality and immortality beyond the fondest longings of actual men and women."

The witty and more playful side of her nature is shown in the first scene in which she appears, that in which she and Nerissa, her maid, discuss her suitors. Portia shows herself to be a keen judge of character and she graphically describes each of her unwanted suitors.

Her generosity is shown especially toward Bassanio, when, having chosen the right casket, he wins her for his wife. She nobly gives up her houses, servants, money, and herself to his keeping. Modesty, another of her characteristics, is shown when she tells Bassanio that she wishes that she were "a thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich" to be worthy of him. While critics say he was her inferior yet she was the best judge of that.

In the trial scene, she shows forth all her "divine self." Her intellectual ability, her wit, eloquence, her modesty, all are shown. There was nothing of ego in her—she came to the court for a definite purpose, and carried it out. Her famous plea for mercy was not a mere display of rhetoric, but an outburst from the soul. She was fair and gave Shylock every chance, appealed to his mercy, sense of justice, and even his greed. He would not relent, and his sentence was just. Some critics say the heart-racking agony of suspense in which she kept the court was cruelty, and that she delighted in it, but it was necessary. In that time she cleverly forced Shylock into a corner, and made him commit himself.

GERALDINE MILLER

"JIM HASTINGS, NIGHT WATCHMAN"

Jim Hastings was a lad of fifteen. He lived with his mother and father in a little New England village. It was in the month of June and the school vacation of three months was just beginning.

Jim was looking for a light job which would occupy his time after he had finished his work at home. He accepted a position as a night watchman for Mr. Bate's grocery store at two dollars a week. Jim considered this a fine job as he had the day time free and besides, as he was a light sleeper, he could sleep while he watched.

About twelve o'clock one night, he heard a noise. His room was on the second floor. He heard a footstep and a low growl.

"Gosh!" said Jim, "that robber must be an ugly critter, sounds like Goliath moving around down there."

Then a sudden fear came over Jim. What if the robber should come up stairs? Jim began to shiver like all frightened people do. From downstairs came a crash. Jim covered his head with the covers. It soon became hot

under the covers and Jim poked his head out. He was shivering violently now.

"Indeed," said Jim, "If I keep this up very much longer, the bed will fall down. I know what I'll do, I'll just go down and capture him."

So Jim got up. He had hardly gone three steps until he heard another crash. His knees smote against each other and he turned and ran to the bed and fell on it. As he ran, his head hit a wash basin filled with water. In groping for the towel, he knocked the alarm clock over and it began to ring. Finally he found the towel, dried his face, and stopped the alarm clock from ringing.

Jim decided it was time to leave, so he crossed over to the window, raised it, and swinging over to the telephone pole, he dropped to the ground. He went around to the front of the store where he found the front door standing open.

He now thought he had better get Mr. Bates, so he began to race to the gentleman's home, a quarter of a mile away. One of the villagers later said that so much dust came floating into his bedroom that he had to get up and close the window. This was caused by Jim in his quarter-mile dash.

When Jim told Mr. Bates of the trouble, the old man got his sawed-off shot gun and the two ran back to the store. They sneaked up to the door and Mr. Bates turned on the lights. The interior of the store was a sight. Canned goods, apples, potatoes, pots and pans littered the floor.

"There's your burglars, Jim," said Mr. Bates, as he pointed to a large dog eating a string of sausages and a cat lapping up an over-turned can of milk.

The dog had entered by the door, which had been left open, and inside had discovered the cat. The dog began to chase the cat, thereby knocking over the various named articles.

CHARLES HASPER

HOW MAURICE FOUND A JOB

Maurice was walking down the main street of his home town, looking sad and gloomy. Why shouldn't he? He had just lost his job because of not being on time in the mornings. Not only that, but he had lost his girl.

"What would mother say?" was on his mind all the time. He tried in many places to find a job so as to keep himself and his mother going.

Maurice was the son of a well-to-do man. But when his father died no trace of his money could be found. He had taken it all from the bank a year since. As Maurice was walking down the street he felt ashamed, disgraced. Nobody wanted him. It was either "We don't need any," or "We have enough." When he got home his mother tried to cheer him up, but no, it was impossible. He couldn't sleep that night. He had the alarm clock set for six, the earliest he ever had it, resolved to find work on the morrow.

Maurice was up bright and early the next morning and after eating his meal was off. Maurice tried all the places but without success. Two miles from his town was a larger town. Why not try there? So he turned his steps in that direction. While he was walking along the country road it started to rain. Soon the drops came down so big and fast that he was very wet. But he saw a barn and ran into it.

Up in the loft was some dry hay so he went up and lay down. The rain was coming down faster than ever. Soon he fell asleep. When he awoke he heard voices. There were three men talking of robbing the bank of his home town, the time set for ten o'clock. Maurice took out his timepiece and looked. The timepiece read 9:30. Surely they couldn't mean ten o'clock. But after listening longer he found that these were not the men to rob the bank, but were to be met here by the thieves. One half hour! Could he make it?

Sneaking out the back way he escaped. Putting on full speed he was headed for home. Arriving at his town he ran straight to the police station.

After he had told them his story they all left for the bank. When they arrived they found they were too late. The robbers had gone. But with high hopes they followed Maurice to the barn. Just in time! They caught the thieves as they were leaving. Maurice was a hero. His name was in the local papers. All the places where he went for jobs wanted him now. He then had a good job. His girl, Mary, wanted him, but no, if she wanted him only when he became a hero, he didn't want her at all. He kept his job and is getting along nicely with his mother.

A STORY OF THE SEA

Once there lived in a small fishing village by the sea, a family by the name of Brown. The father, as all the other men of the village, was a strong, hardy man who knew what hard work and exposure to wind and weather meant.

His elder son, Harold, like his father, loved the sea and had frequently been out in his father's fishing boat. Often he sat on the beach and watched the curling waves and saw the nets hauled in.

The younger son, Hugh, was not at all like his brother. He was more of a dreamer. He loved the sea but he loved books more. The people of the village said that he would be a teacher.

One morning, as usual, Fisherman Brown went out early but never returned. His boat was washed to shore to tell of his death. The widow Brown had to work to keep herself and the boys' as they were still in school.

When Harold was eighteen, and Hugh sixteen, things came about just as the villagers said they would. Harold had a boat and Hugh was an assistant teacher in a neighboring village.

One day Hugh went out for an afternoon on the water. Two hours after he left a storm blew up. The afternoon wore on until nightfall. The widow stood on the shore looking out over the angry waves. She saw the dark sky and heard the sea gulls' low cries. The strong wind blew long, dry seaweed over the beach and caused her to look more anxiously for the little boat which was nowhere to be seen.

Three years went by. Nothing had been heard of Hugh. The little boat was not washed to shore so his mother and brother wept for him as drowned.

One cold stormy morning the village was aroused by the sound of a gun fired at sea. Rushing down to the shore, they saw a vessel wrecked upon a reef about a mile away.

Harold, who was captain of the life-saving crew, sent all his men out to the ship. The boat was loaded and they returned to the shore amid the shouts of the people. "Have all been saved?" asked Harold. "All but one," was the answer, "and it would be certain death to try to get him as he is half way up in the mast." "I will get that one," said Harold, and started for the boat. His mother pleaded with him not to go. "Are you sure he has no mother to mourn his death?" he asked. He left, and with four men, reached the vessel. After a difficult struggle they got the man into their boat. As they neared the shore Harold shouted, "Tell my mother we have saved Hugh."

Hugh had been picked up by a passing vessel and taken to India. Being without money to pay his passage he had worked his way back.

AGATHA MOY

This, the Literary Department of the "Review" of 1925, has been diligently and carefully worked out by various members of the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes, as representatives of their respective groups.





SOCIETY DEPARTMENT

EditorJanette Dickson
AssistantPauline Reed

We've had many jolly times this year,
So on these pages few
We'll tell you of our pleasures
And impart our spirit true.
Many pleasant days we've spent
In happy times untold,
So through the pages of the book
Our joys, to you, unfold.

Junior-Senior Banquet

Did you ever have a better time, better eats, more fun? These are the remarks that were heard on all sides about the wonderful dinner given by the Juniors to the Faculty and Seniors on Friday, May 8th.

After grace being said by Miss Baker, amid beautiful decorations, a happy group of most attractively dressed Seniors and Juniors enjoyed the following menu: Fruit cocktail, fried chicken, baked potatoes au gratin, peas, salad, ice-cream, cake, coffee and mints.

The ceiling was made of alternating squares of blue and white crepe paper with Japanese lanterns, electrically lighted, hung here and there. An arch, in the same colors, with crab apple blossoms combined, formed an attractive throne for the May Queen.

The tables were decorated with lilacs and the dainty corsages and boutonnières of candy added a touch of color, together with the clever menus and programs. The menus were worked out by means of a clever cross word puzzle, and the programmes, in blue covers, contained a guessing contest, a page for autographs, and the plans for the evening.

After the voting for the May Queen was counted, Margaret Beattie was found to be the choice of the Senior and Junior boys and the Junior girls. "Peg" came to us from St. Louis two years ago and by her pleasing manner, school spirit, and faithful work in orchestra and chorus has won the deserved honor. She chose John Long, the class president, as King, and Miriam Cupps, "Peg" Siebert, James Patton and Herman Harper as her courtiers.

Three toasts were splendidly given: Edna Culbertson to the Seniors, Miriam Cupps to the Juniors and Stanley Thompson to the Faculty, under Robert Marshall as an able toastmaster.

Class yells were then in order, after which we adjourned to the auditorium where we thoroughly enjoyed the musical number of Lloyd McConnell, who sang "Sleepy Hollow Lane," Karl Newhouse, who played a violin number, and Martha McBride who gave a piano solo. Then a play, modeled on "Every Woman," was cleverly given by a well-chosen cast in which the fun, at the expense of the students and the faculty, was enjoyed by everyone.

After interesting readings by Miss Baker and Bob Brush, we again went to the "gym" to find two of the finest girl's basketball teams in the U. S. A. lined up on the floor. Their beauty, skill, agility, charmingly high pitched voices, dainty facial makeup, to say nothing of their uniforms, are beyond description. A most able referee, attractively dressed in sport outfit, refereed the game. The baskets all had to be made by climbing to the top of a step ladder to throw in the ball and they frequently had to call "time out" to powder their noses, but altogether the Frappe Basketball game, made up of the following, was the hit of the evening: Ewing Murphy, Russell Holsinger, Frank Braden, James Bovard, Robert Brush, William Conway, George Buchman, Louis Raskin, Frederick Reeves, William Ridge, Robert Marshall and James Corcoran. The referee was H. D. Taylor, United States history teacher.

It is whispered that some of the faculty do not yet feel comfortable after

so much laughing. We cannot say too much in a grateful and complimentary way to Miss Baker, the sponsor, and her able class of Juniors.

Baccalaureate

While the chorus sang the familiar hymn, "Yield not to Temptation" the Seniors of the Class of '25 marched solemnly up the aisle and took their places in the auditorium. After the invocation we had several musical numbers, including a quartet made up of Beulah White, Zella Irwin, Lloyd McConnell and Edward Smith who sang the beautiful anthem, "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own."

Rev. H. C. Thompson, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, addressed the class with a very interesting and appropriate talk. The chorus then sang, "Break Forth With Joy." "Abide With Me" was then sung while the Seniors again marched slowly back the aisle.

Senior Girls Visit to Rieck-McJunkin

After days of work and planning,
There came a day of rest,
When our minds all free from worry,
Turned to pleasure of the best.
So we planned a trip to Pittsburgh,
To satisfy ourselves,
That the stuff the teachers told us
Wasn't "bunk" from dusty shelves.
Well, our footsteps turned to Riecks,
And we were very much surprised
To see how they make "Rieckies"
And those chilly 'skimo pies.
We appraised the whole contraption,
And pronounced it very good,
And to help them boost their products
Said we'd help them all we could.
We enjoyed ourselves immensely,
And we learned a lot, you bet.
Now we know the why and wherefore
Of the goodies that we get.
After seeing all the ice cream,
The machinery and the rest,
We betook ourselves then homeward
Sure, of times, we'd had the best.

Commencement

For the last time, the class of '25 took their places on the platform of their beloved Alma Mater. This was the night on which the aims of all High School students materialize. The program was very solemnly and beautifully carried out.

The speakers representing the class were Helene Winters, Blanche McCartney and Charles Fitzsimmons. The musical numbers included the talent from all the upper classes. Miriam Cupps sang a beautiful vocal solo, "Come, For It's June." A violin solo, "Thais," was rendered by Carl Newhouse. The solo, "When the Bell of the Light House Rings," was sung by Edward Smith.

Dr. Keith, the principal of Indiana State Normal, the Commencement speaker, gave a talk which enthused the Seniors and their friends and made the climax for the evening. Prof. Werner very faithfully presented the

diplomas, those few words for which every Senior had worked so hard. Scholarships and honors were announced by Prof. Horner. The program was completed and the Class of '25 became alumni of C. H. S.

The Senior Outing to Bellevue

All good times seem to come after hard work. So, after days of planning and preparing, the Senior Class was ready to go to Bellevue. First, to see our gallant eleven meet those of Bellevue on the football field, and then to feast, and lastly, to see a show.

Everyone went to Bellevue in cars, and such a jolly ride! All, without exception, enjoyed the trip. Then after arriving in Bellevue and watching such an exciting football game, our spirits rose out over the hills. Picture a group of happy seniors with the spirit of our school, we had left behind, gathered around a large bonfire, eating all the delicious things we had brought along.

Right in the midst of it the rain drops began to fall, intending to spoil all our fun, but we boarded our cars and rode into Bellevue to a show. There the class saw one of the best and most exciting pictures of the year, and all enjoyed it immensely.

But then, as all good times must end, we returned to old "Cory"—sorry that such a jolly day was ended, but nevertheless glad to be home.

Senior Boys Visit Ford Assembling Plant

On Monday, March 30th, the Senior boys, under the direction of Mr. Horner, took the 1:24 train to Pittsburgh to tour the Ford Assembling Plant at East Liberty. The train was rather crowded and so the boys finally gathered in the smoker, where, to relieve their joy at having the afternoon off, they staged a real football game. Fortunately, the passengers were good-natured men who did not mind the noise. Finally, the ride ended, and all piled out and dashed madly across the bridge to the car. There was a hard struggle getting in the car, but it was finally accomplished and after a long ride we arrived at the Pittsburgh home of the "Flivver". Our names were immediately taken and we were separated into groups and a competent guide assigned to each group. We first climbed enough flights of stairs to reach the top of the Woolworth building and then started down. We saw how the bodies are painted, how tops are put together, and many other interesting features. About the most interesting was the starting of a bare frame at one end of the floor, and when it reached the other side, it had been equipped with an engine and was all ready to go, even having the horn attached. Then we were taken down to the cellar and saw enough storage batteries to last Ford a hundred years. After viewing some more interesting features, including the shipping department, we climbed back to the main floor and declared it an interesting and educational afternoon—although we did have our ups and downs.

Trip to Washington

Setting: Where—Washington. When—June 6th to 10th.

Characters: Who—Seniors with Mr. and Mrs. Horner.

Introduction: With Mr. and Mrs. Horner as "chaps" the Seniors leave on Saturday morning, June sixth, on the B. & O. Some of the boys like to travel with ease and comfort so they leave Friday night after commencement in Tubby's Peerless (Ford).

Incentive Moment: We get our first sight of Washington about 4:30 in the afternoon. We go to the hotel and, after our rooms are assigned, we settle everything with our roommates pro and con.

Rising Action: Our visits to the Capitol, Library of Congress, The

White House, The Treasury, New National Museum and Mt. Vernon. Going through Mall and Zoological Parks, the Botanical Gardens, Smithsonian and Agricultural Grounds.

Climax: Parties at the hotel.

Falling Action: Wednesday morning we wake up to realize that it is time to go home, so we bid Washington—Adieu!

Conclusion: Home again Wednesday night—very tired—but with our minds filled with pleasant memories.

The Junior Party

"The day dawned wet and rainy"—as usual when the Jolly Juniors were going to have some social event. But the spirit of the Juniors may be identified by the slogan—"When it rains they pour".

The early and less dignified guests were received by a Junior girl who acted the part of hostess. She even had a maid Anne who took their wraps. After all the guests had arrived every one was seated in the front of the auditorium and were entertained by the talent of the class.

If one did not know the way to the "gym" they would not have recognized it. It was very attractively decorated with a false ceiling of all colors, which reminded us of a gypsy Hallow'een costume. A unique part of the decorations was a radio erected at one end of the floor. When not having some other form of entertainment we were listening to the radio. There were many contests; the prettiest girl, the best looking boy, the peppiest boy, and many others. Owing to the bashfulness of the winners I shall not publish the names of the ones who won the honors. Of course there were many more games, and then the "eats".

The Juniors have always been noted for their good cooks and their still better appetites. The lunch consisted of the usual Hallow'een refreshments. The cider, having been made that day, no one saw double.

The surprise of the evening was yet to come. When we started home, on opening the front door, we beheld "Ernest's Little Red Saxon" parked on the steps. After some of the Sampsons of the class had removed it, the guests proceeded on their way home, still talking of the wonderful time they had had at the party.

Junior Girl's Visit P. C. W.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the famous trip of the Junior girls to the Pennsylvania College for Women. It was on November 15th, and of course, that being Saturday, none of us were playing hookey. There were 16 of us altogether, including our most noteworthy and efficient "chap", Miss Crawford. Upon our arrival at P.C.W., we were greeted by the girls, who presented us to the dean and assistant dean of the school.

We were then taken on a sight seeing tour to the various parts of the building. At the conclusion of the tour we were taken to the auditorium where a delightful program was given. There were speeches by members of the faculty and Alumnae and songs by the Glee Club, after which a short play was given by the Dramatic Club.

Last, but not least, came the refreshments served by the girls. After this we bade adieu to the girls and dean, and left for home. If you will inquire of any of the Junior girls, I know they will assure you that they had a wonderful time at P. C. W.

The Junior Sled Load or the "Sardine Ride"

"Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells" etc. It isn't a one horse open sleigh—but four horses drawing a sled that should hold about twenty. The sled proceeded up State avenue to C.H.S.—for the Juniors were going to have a

sled load. There were about 40 to go on the sled where 20 should go. But since "the more the merrier" is a tried and proven fact, 40 light-hearted people crowded (for that is the only word that expresses the action) on the sled.

What artistic Junior had ever thought that the scenery surrounding the city of Coraopolis was so magnificent? Traveling around the loop, we were given ample time to view this gorgeous scenery. More than likely some of the "sleepy farmers" of the Heights thought they had left their radio on when the Juniors went singing by so merrily. But I believe they enjoyed the treat very much.

Because the horses traveled so slowly we did not arrive at the school until after it had been locked up. Lucky we were that we had left the makings of the lunch at the Iland residence. We then went down there and got warm and our fill, for the time, of "hot dogs". Since the hour was growing late and we all had to come to school the next day, the party soon broke up and all declared that the sled load had been a success.

The Sophomore St. Patrick's Party

The Sophomore St. Patrick's Party, sponsored by Miss Delo, was so great a success that the good old saint was highly honored. At eight o'clock, the members of the class and guests began to arrive. Upon descending to the gym, a beautiful sight met our eyes, as the decorating committee had very attractively decorated it in green and white.

Most of the faculty were present and Mr. Horner acted as announcer for the evening. Many interesting and humorous games had been planned by our entertainment committee. There was much excitement when we tried to guess the articles advertised in twenty-five advertisements in ten minutes. Dan Skala and Edward Young were considered the brilliant members of the class when they won the prize, namely, a beautifully colored pink mint, which was divided between them. The great moment occurred when Miss Spangler, Miss Milford, Miss Kinnan and other members of the faculty attempted to pick up a potato from the floor with a teaspoon. Miss Kinnan succeeded in picking up her potato first. In a relay race, the boys revealed their efficiency in rapid dressing. Mr. Horner tuned in on the radio and we had the pleasure of hearing beautiful music.

Refreshments were served at ten-thirty o'clock. They were delicious; and showed the culinary ability of the committee. Eleven o'clock came all too soon and we regretted leaving the scene of so much merriment, but we dared not linger—and soon the Sophomore party became past history.

The Trip to Woodlawn

The boys of the chemistry and physics classes journeyed to Woodlawn, on May the first, to inspect the Jones & Laughlin Plant. After some delay, during which we obtained a guide, the necessary passes et cetera, we started. The first place visited was the blast furnace. The furnace had just been tapped and the molten slag was pouring into huge ladles. An inspection was made of the loading of the little car which pours the material into the furnace. The air blast room was next. Owing to the noise in this room it was difficult to hear one another. The chemical laboratory proved an interesting place. Different sections, such as the carbon-detecting room, the tin, texture room and many others were visited. The most interesting part of the trip came next, when we watched the Bessemer Converter. The iron, after heating ten or fifteen minutes, in which a great flame is produced, is poured into large ladles from which in turn it is poured into moulds on flat cars. It is interesting to see the system and speed at which the men work. Steel is flying all around in small particles getting into one's eyes and clothes.

Next we went into the Open Hearth Mill, where the ladles of molten

metal are handled on an immense charger. We then went into the Blooming Mill where the large ingots are reheated and pounded, pressed, and twisted into thin sheets. Just as we were leaving, something missed, and the red hot metal started piling up over everything, but nothing serious occurred.

Then, the Tube Mill was visited. The noise in this mill resembled that on the Fourth of July, when the pipes were welded together. If the other workers were fast in getting their work out, these were faster. They seemed to work at top speed at all times. It was quite interesting to watch them take the metal out of furnaces and make it into pipe. This concluded our visit, and we all returned home after a very enjoyable and instructive trip. It put things before us, in actual use, that we only could imagine before.

Sophomore Reception

On Saturday, February 14th, fifteen of the Sophomore girls, chaperoned by Miss Delo and Miss McClenahan, boarded the 12:30 train at Coraopolis on their way to a reception to be given the Sophomore girls of the Pittsburgh district by the Margaret Morrison School at Carnegie Tech. When we arrived we were taken into the assembly room of the Margaret Morrison School where we were delightfully entertained with several songs by the Glee Club, and welcoming addresses by Dean Brown, Mrs. Morgan, President of the University Association, and Miss Breed, a director of the college.

Following this pleasing program we were divided into groups of ten each and escorted by freshmen in the Margaret Morrison School through the gymnasium, the College of Fine Arts, and the Margaret Morrison School.

We were then taken to the recreation room where we were served with ice cream and cake. We all enjoyed ourselves; this glimpse of college life aroused our interest to such an extent that our desire to go to college has been increased and we are eager to continue our education after High School.

NANCY BORLAND

Director-Teacher Party

Delightful informality was the keynote of the jolly party given by the directors of the Coraopolis Schools, through a capable committee of teachers, to the directors' wives and teachers one evening in the High School gymnasium. Decorations were dispensed with, but were never missed, for the spirit of good fun that prevailed.

After being introduced to each other in the auditorium, the fun in the gymnasium began with a song, in which the harmonies of the bass were unexcelled. A guessing contest about birds followed, and many learned the names of unheard-of warblers. The prize, a 10 cent bottle of perfume, was awarded to Mr. Horner, who promptly shared it with the entire crowd, much to the disgust of those ladies who had spent their pennies, saved from summer vacation, for a few drops of "Quelques Fleurs."

Then followed a marathon in which the directors proved their superior speed by being able to put on over their clothes some wonderful apparel, including goloshes, mittens, skirts and hats. We would like to suggest that they could save time, hereafter, by putting on the hat last, and remembering to get into the dress inside the belt, instead of between the dress and the belt. Next we tried our skill at guessing advertisements, but the ladies fell down on the "ads" for automobile oils and tires, although the prize (knife and fork of shining tin) was awarded to Miss Besselman. Then we filled in the missing words in an inspiring poem with names of trees and Miss Platt won a rare soap doll for her skill. Then, the art gallery was opened and after naming the various exhibits, a prize of an artistic calendar in brilliant green, was awarded.

Then the climax: brick ice cream, tea cakes (filled), nuts, candies and

led an intricate grand march to music which General Pershing's best trained soldiers couldn't have surpassed in keeping time.

Then the climax, brick ice cream, tea cakes (filled), nuts, candies and coffee, was served by some of the ninth grade girls. With a better feeling of cordiality and acquaintance among all, and gratitude to our efficient committee, the Director-Teacher party closed.

Faculty Entertains

The members of the High School Faculty including Mrs. Werner, Mrs. Horner, Mrs. Isenberg, Mrs. Cassler and Mrs. Parks, entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Morrison, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Horner, one evening. By this affair and the gift of a handsome leather suitcase, the faculty wished to express their appreciation of the kind co-operation and willing and proficient service of Mr. Morrison in C. H. S.

We feel that the Schenley High's gain is our loss, for Mr. Morrison could always be depended upon to give tireless and capable service, willingly, in whatever line that service was needed.

Entertainment and refreshments were amply provided by the committee in charge.

Directors' Dinner.

The delightful charm of good company, combined with splendid eats, graciously served, characterized the dinner served by the girls of the ninth grade Domestic Science Classes on Wednesday evening, April 29th, at six o'clock, to the directors of the Coraopolis Schools, their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes of Mt. Lebanon, Mr. and Mrs. Werner, Mr. and Mrs. Horner and Miss Spangler.

The dinner was served on beautiful, lilac-decorated tables, with favors of dainty bouquets made of candies. The splendid work of the Domestic Science Department under Miss Boucher was shown in the well trained service of the girls and in the preparation of the tasty food.

MODERN NEWSIES

Ralph Miller cleaned his old shotgun last night. There will be no inquest.

A very beautiful and shapely woman in Chicago is turning to stone. Hm! that's hard lines.

Society Note: Harry Van Dusen has gone to the seashore. Helen Van Dusen has gone to the Springs. Mrs. Van Dusen has gone to the mountains and Papa Van Dusen has gone broke.

Personal: If this should meet the eye of J. Howard Gibson and he will send his address to his old home, he will hear of something to his advantage. His wife is dead.

Wanted to exchange: Forty-year old wife for an eight day clock and no questions asked. See John Drgon, C. H. S.

Wanted: A steady, respectable young man to look after a cow who has a good voice and has been accustomed to singing in the choir.

Court News: Alvin Harvey was fined \$10.00 in the Justice Court this morning for shooting at Alderman Jones and missing him.

Personal: A widow with nine children wants washing. See Annie Pugh.

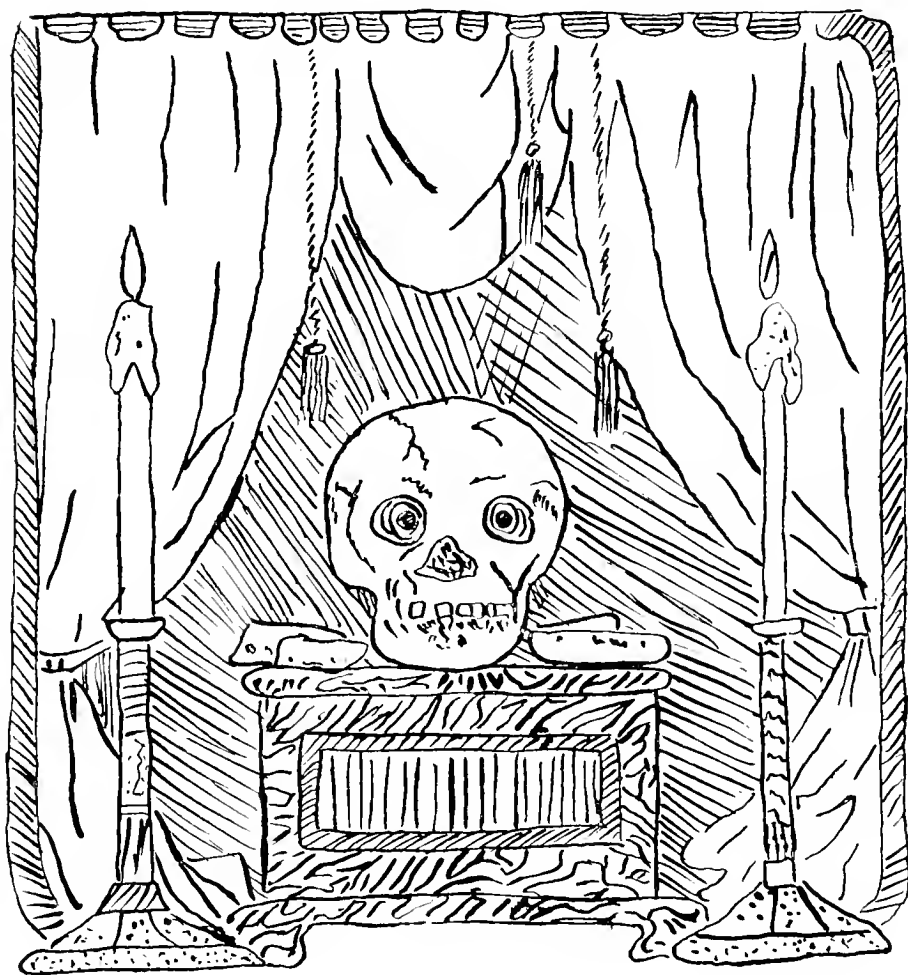
Lost: An umbrella by a gentleman with an ivory head.

Lyric Theater Today: Why Girls Leave Home—in two parts.

THERE is but one rule of conduct for a man—to do the right thing. The cost may be dear in money, in friends, in influence, in labor, in a prolonged and painful sacrifice; but the cost of not to do the right is far more dear; you pay in the integrity of your manhood, in honor, in truth, in character. You forfeit your Soul's content, and for a timely gain you barter the infinities.

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Organizations



A COPY
M.L.H

ORGANIZATIONS DEPARTMENT

EditorMargaret Beattie
AssistantAlbert Vandevort

During the school year of 1922-23 many clubs of an extra-curricular nature were organized for the furtherance of interest in a social and natural manner in the subjects of study. Science, Civics, Latin, Spanish, French, and Public Speaking Clubs had frequent meetings during the year. But, owing to the crowded conditions of the school and the centering of all effort on the raising of the "Fund for Washington Trip" for the class of '24, these meetings were postponed until a more favorable occasion should arise in order to continue them. The desire was kept by the student body and faculty to renew these clubs during the term of 1924-25, but, as the school was more crowded than ever before, it was not thought to be a wise plan, although one new organization did make its appearance this year, "The Go To College Club."

Now, since the opening of the new Junior High School building, the Senior High is relieved of a large number of students, giving more space to its needs, and many plans for new organizations are being formed for next year.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

"Between periods two and four,
When the morning is getting a bore,
Comes the best time of all, at last,
For its our own little Shorthand Class."

"And that is the time when eleven good girls endeavor to take dictation."

Yes, shorthand and typewriting is just like poetry—"a spontaneous outburst of powerful feeling," (especially typewriting)

Shorthand, like poetry, depends upon how you write it. If one writes good shorthand, one prospers; if one's shorthand isn't worth anything, one fails. And the reason Cory Hi has a Commercial Department is to keep the students from failing in the work they do later on. And to all appearances it has fulfilled its purpose, for the graduates of Cory Hi's Commercial Department have almost all lived up to their training.

This year the Commercial Department has one of the largest enrollments ever. The graduating class is made up of thirteen future "somebody's stenogs"—eleven girls and two boys. But, although thirteen is supposed to be an unlucky number, this year's class is going to shatter that superstition for its going to "do its stuff." And why shouldn't it?

The program for 1924-25, as outlined by Miss Ruth Sloan, is really the best that the Commercial Department has ever been privileged to follow. In the first place, Miss Sloan assigned to each of the Shorthand pupils, a teacher in the High School. Each pupil was to act as private secretary to whatever teacher she happened to be assigned to. The duties? Oh, they were just like the duties of any private secretary—taking dictation, doing stencils, correcting papers, anything the teacher had to do. And all this besides the regular book work on shorthand! But each one of us got through all right, and I'm sure if any of us ever needed references, our teacher "employers" would certainly vouch for our ability. And I wonder if we couldn't call our work with the teachers "experience" when answering the million and one "ads" that we'll have to when we're trying to find a position?

Our regular book work in class was well carried out, too. In addition to our Gregg Speed Studies, which we had once a week, we had a little blue book, "Secretarial Studies," which we studied twice a week. This book certainly had everything in it that any secretary would want to know. For the rest of the week, we took perhaps the most important part of our training—dictation. At first we took dictation real slowly, but, by the end of our course, we were all sailing along at the neat rate of 100 to 110 words a minute, which isn't slow by any means. We had typewriting right after shorthand,

and when we had dictation, we got the cutest letterheads from honest-to-goodness firms, such as Collier's, Standard Products Company, and ever so many more. And we had to transcribe our shorthand notes on these and make them look like real letters. Of course this transcribing and arranging of letters was the most valuable part of our commercial training, and we are all sure that we're not going to forget what all the little red checks on our class papers meant.

The typing room of this year's class would be the last place on earth I'd recommend for a person with nerves, for the noise was always so loud—the noise of the busy keys going—that it would be hard for anybody but a hardened commercial student to stand it. But that is just another part of our training—to concentrate. And many of us did concentrate, and we showed it in the results on our report cards and our "Average Sheets" where Miss Sloan recorded our net speed per minute. If we were getting rather fast, Miss Sloan let us take the Underwood, Remington and L. C. Smith Award Tests, and we certainly showed our ability, for everyone of this year's graduating class has at least two awards, and some have five. The typing room is getting to be rather up-to-date, for in the last month of school we got a brand new Royal typewriter—the most delicate to operate of any typewriter we have. Only the "best" students are allowed to go near it, for it's the most easily dislocated thing in the world. Besides the Royal, we have two L. C. Smiths, two Remingtons, and all the rest Underwoods—ten.

Oh, yes, away back, about two years ago, we had bookkeeping to help us complete our Commercial course, and who knows but some of our number will be bookkeepers instead of "stenogs?" Then, together with the Commercial Law and Commercial Geography we had this last year, and the Business English and Commercial Arithmetic we had at the beginning of our High School course, we feel confident to go out in the world and tackle the hardest kind of a position.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY—SIGMA CHAPTER

The High School age is the period when organizations make a strong appeal. If uncontrolled, they may interfere with the progress of the students—but, under proper guidance, they may be the means of intellectual, civic and moral uplift of the entire student body.

There are many students in a school who do not receive the popularity or applause which the athletes, debators and musicians receive because of their varied opportunities to appear before their fellow students. Unfortunately, the real scholars who help to upbuild and uphold the standards of the school seldom receive recognition worthy of their efforts. To encourage the efforts of scholars along these lines, the Secondary School principals have established "The National Honor Society." The purpose of this organization is to create an enthusiasm for scholarship, to stimulate a desire to render service, to promote leadership, and to develop character in the students of the school. Fifteen percent of the graduating class is eligible for membership, but all members must rank in the highest fourth of their class in scholarship.

The Sigma Chapter of the National Honor Society was organized in the Coraopolis High School in 1922-1923. The following members of the class were elected as members: Elsie Braun, Elizabeth Brown, Lloyd Black, Walter Moses, Helen McElroy, Margaret Beacom.

Those elected in 1924 were: Harold Harper, Muriel Irons, Grace Minch, Elizabeth Mott, Anabelle Murphy, Martha McMasters, Ruth Ridge, Miriam Stewart.

In an impressive ceremony on May 15, 1925, the following students were taken into the Society: Steven Borovich, Martin Carroll, Ethel Ferree, Herman Harper, Blanche McCartney, Helene Winters, Miriam Cupps, Thora

Thompson, Eleanor Donnally, Anna Knobloch, and Katherine Ranshaw. These eleven students, led by two torch bearers, marched up to the stage, followed by the admiring gaze of parents and pupils. They first were addressed by the Regent, Mr. Horner, who ordered them to be led to the sponsor, Mr. Cassler, who, in turn, read out the names of those qualified to join. Mr. Parks, chaplain, then led the entire assemblage in prayer, after which the candidates were conducted to the shrines of Scholarship, Service, Character and Leadership, presided over by Misses Baker, Sloan, Hogue and Spangler, where they were given their instructions.

After this part of the ceremony was completed, the flag bearer, Irvine Marshall, told about the importance of the flag in the lives of the members, followed by the flag salute from everyone. The candidates then repeated the school creed, after which they were presented with the emblems of the society, which concluded the initiation.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF C. H. S.

The Literary Societies of C. H. S. were organized at the beginning of the school year. Each society has three officers: president, vice president and secretary. The presidents of the various divisions or societies appoint program committees which arrange the programs for the classes.

These programs occur at least once every month. They consist of essays, readings, current events, specialties, original stories, music et cetera. Every student must participate in at least two or three of these programs. The purpose is to enable the student to appear before public audiences and to have confidence in his own ability.

CHORUS

The Senior Chorus, consisting of sixty voices, meets twice a week for a thirty-minute period. Mr. Isenberg conducted it at the beginning of the year but, due to his leaving for Schenley High School, Mr. Harold B. Taylor took his place. The chorus has studied some very beautiful and difficult music, but under the able guidance of the directors and our capable pianist, Mary McCabe, it has done its work wisely and well. The chorus has appeared at



THE CHORUS

several public gatherings, the first being the opera, "The Garden of the Shah," which was a great success; then, the Dedication Services of the new Methodist Church; and finally, the baccalaureate and commencement exercises, where their music was so well received that the High School has need to be proud of it.

But the Senior Chorus is not all the musical talent of which we can boast. There is also a Junior Chorus—including children from the third to sixth grade, directed by Miss Katherine Harper. Two operettas were given by the members of this chorus during the year, the first being "The Box of Dolls," and the other "King of the Elves." All of our readers, who saw these children singing and dancing, know that in years to come Coraopolis will be proud of this Junior Chorus.

THE ORCHESTRA

The High School well needs to be proud of the orchestra, because it has diligently practiced twice a week through the school year. More instruments were purchased this year, more musical talent was discovered, and with good hard work the musicians managed to get a melody out of the noise that was sometimes heard at practice.

The orchestra consisted this year of three "C" Melody saxaphones, three "E" B Alto saxaphones, one flute, clarinet, cornet, piano, viola, bass viol, cello



THE ORCHESTRA

and twelve violins. Mr. Isenberg had charge of the orchestra the first part of the year but, due to his leaving, Mr. Taylor took his place and the orchestra willingly gave its full co-operation to him.

To walk down the aisle to the stirring strains of some march always made the Seniors feel their importance, and in parting we wish the orchestra as great a success in the years to come as it has achieved in previous ones.

OUR OPERETTA

This marks the beginning of a discussion of the Operetta—supposed to be brief—but everything and everybody in any way concerned with it

clamors for such individual and lengthy mention, that we fear the advertisements and editorials will be entirely crowded out of this publication.

To begin with, we hope you were there for then you will the more readily understand our mention of Shahs, princess, American heroes, valets, attendants and such. Also we would regret anyone's missing a production containing so many enjoyable features and appreciable music.

As the title, "In the Garden of the Shah," would imply, the setting was one of oriental beauty, and much credit must be given the stage manager and helpers for the artistic manner in which this atmosphere was obtained. As aids in the securing of a gay background, the girls and men of the chorus were most attractive. Colorful costumes, tinkling bells, gleaming cutlasses, and turbaned heads transported us to other lands and prepared us for the charming tale that was to follow. The singing of the chorus and the various oriental dances were generously applauded by a friendly audience.

The play was introduced by a clever dance of the roses which was given by a group of Junior High School girls. Following this came the friends and attendants of Zohdah, and that charming person herself. Miriam Cupps as the Persian princess, Zohdah, surprised and delighted her audience by the truly remarkable manner in which she both sang and acted.

Into the sheltered life of this princess and her companion, Lohlah, whose part was so well taken by Ethel Ferree and Beulah White, came, one day, two young American engineers. The following action of the play hinged upon the meeting of these four young people and the inevitable result when two separate love stories developed.

Lloyd McConnell, as Ted Harding, the dashing American mining engineer, possesses a voice of depth and richness which won the appreciation of the audience at once. The duets between Ted and Zohdah were full of beautiful harmony and made us feel that no other two could have filled these parts so well. Lloyd's characterization was at all times of a capable and commendable nature.

John Long, who took the part of Billie Cummings, was all that could be desired as a gay, care-free companion of Ted, and his singing with Lohlah was greatly enjoyed.

Into this happy scene came the scheming Shah who had arranged the destinies of his daughter, the lovely princess, by planning for her marriage with a real Sheik. Milton Weisman and Stanley Thompson, as the Shah, added much to the dramatic side of the play by their portrayal of the manner in which a Shah would seek to make alliance with a mighty sheik.

Edward Smith was the sheik for both performances and scored quite a success by his impressive interpretation. His voice was most pleasing and the few opportunities we had of hearing it in solo were thoroughly enjoyed.

We naturally don't think of "colored" gentlemen as belonging in Persia, but those who saw Bruce Gilchrist and James Patton as the negro valets know that such a thing, though improbable, is certainly not impossible. To the play these two brought all their native ability, which is no mean amount, and amused everyone by unexpected appearances, jokes, songs, costumes, and highly humorous dilemmas. The one-sided love affair between Zohdah's maid, which gave Margaret Germerodt and Monica Cusack a chance to display their histrionic ability, and the negro, Sam, was rather a series of "dates" which caused Sam no end of trouble—and his pal a vast amount of fun.

The court jesters, the honey bees, and the books—the latter in neatly bound copies with their attractive lettering and the former in gaudy colors—brought additional color and pleased us with their dances.

In all, we feel the operetta this year has been a success, and has given us invaluable experience. In conclusion, we wish to thank all those who, in any way, helped to make the event a success: Miss Spangler, who so kindly managed the ticket sale; Miss Besselman, and her corps of assistants, who so



ANNUAL OPERA

carefully prepared the costumes for the flower dance; Mr. J. F. Harper, who generously donated the beaver board used by the stage crew in making the oriental sets; Mr. Kochendorfer who gave, free of charge, the use of the spot light; William Reed, who artistically designed the gilded decorations used on the costumes of the wives of the Shah; and the Junior class, who prepared the window placards and were such efficient advertisers.

To Miss Boucher, we are indebted for the planning and execution of costumes used in the entire production. Miss Hogue, by her wise direction and untiring patience, made the production possible, and to her we give unlimited thanks. Mr. Isenberg has earned our truest gratitude by his interest and consideration, continuing his work with us even after his connections with our school had ended. He and his pianists, Mary McCabe and Margaret Beattie, together with other members of the orchestra, made the musical numbers more effective by their capable direction and accompaniment.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

If we were theatrical press agents, we would by all means advise our readers to see the performance of "The Man From Mexico." This being, however, not an advance notice but a post-mortem, we can only sympathize with those unfortunates who missed the very excellent interpretation of this humorous sketch.

The "Man" himself was ably portrayed by Milton Weisman, whose dilemma and consequent unsteadiness were the subjects of much hearty laughter and genuine appreciation. We only wonder how Milton got such a life-like imitation of "a case of nerves".

The part of Mrs. Fitzhew, wife of the bewildered hero, was convincingly acted by Eleanor Donnally and Thora Thompson, while Sally, the unconscious cause of much trouble, found competent counterparts in Miriam Cupps and Dorothy McAdams. Henry Wickenhiser was quite the masterful lover, and finally brought affairs to a happy closing.

Each of the others deserve such special and lengthy mention that we hesitate to begin listing them lest space forbid. Let us, therefore, briefly say that if you missed seeing Earl Cain and Thomas Gaffney as the inevitable and carefully "batted" sheriff, or Charles Fitzsimmons and James Patton as the obliging friend whose "thinking" was so disastrous to others, we can only add that your loss is indeed great.

Mary McCabe and Janette Dickson vied with each other in their portrayal of Nettie Majors, the interested pal of Sally, and added much to the engagement of the play by their pleasing characterizations.

Al Vandervort, both as the prison warden with an artistic tendency, and as the handsome dinner guest, gave a most commendable example of his ability as an actor.

Frank Lunn and Philip McLaughlin, as the legal go-between, gave creditable performances and showed us how swiftly a man's mind can change when occasion demands.

Considering the fact that these characters were ushered in and out, ordered around, and sometimes exposed by such clever maids as Anna Moore and Isabel Noss, it is to be expected that each would do his best. Local atmosphere was added by the corps of convicts.

Taken all in all, the Senior Play was quite a success; due largely to the capable direction of Miss Hogue.

THE STAGE CREW

The stage crew was formed at the beginning of the second semester to make the stage equipment needed for the various plays in the course of the



CLASS PLAY

school term, to set the scenery, and run the lights and curtains, as needed.

The stage crew consists of students chosen with due consideration as to their ability and interest in the work. In the stage crew there are the following: Alvin Harvey, carpenter; Philip McLaughlin, assistant carpenter;



STAGE CREW

Irvine Marshall, electrician and scenes; Herman Harper, assistant electrician; and John Amon and William Weisner, assistants.

We wish to thank Mr. Charles Porter for his assistance, not only as the sponsor, but as an advisor and co-worker in helping make the first stage crew a success.

HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y has been an organization in the Coraopolis High School for over five years, and each year it meets with such success that it is probable the club will continue to exist for many years to come.

The club stands for clean living, clean sports, clean speech and clean morals, and under the leadership of such officers as Bruce Gilchrist, James Patton and Harold Towne, these four principles are well lived up to.

One of the biggest events of their weekly meetings are the "eats" which some of the mothers help provide, different ones helping each time.



BOYS OF THE HI-Y

Then come a few short speeches, and, last of all, the "Y" is turned over for the use of the boys, or, it would be better to say, the boys turn the "Y" over!

The club concluded its program for this year by having a swimming party. Some of the girls couldn't swim, but that didn't make a bit of difference; they made a bold attempt, to say the least. Refreshments were served, and you can be sure that everyone was ready for them after such strenuous exercise. The party was proclaimed a great success, and it was heard said that some young girl wished the "Hi-Y" would give more parties!

THE GO-TO-COLLEGE-CLUB

A new organization was formed this year, under the supervision of Miss Hogue, known as the "Go-To-College Club." All girls of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, who were interested in going to college and who desired to learn the etiquette of college functions, were eligible to join.

A constitution was drawn up and signed, after the first few meetings, and officers were elected, who are: Virginia Drynan, president; Margaret



GO TO COLLEGE CLUB

Siebert, vice president; Thora Thompson, secretary; and Janette Dickson, treasurer. Under the able leadership of these officers, the program for the year was soon well organized.

Talks on manners, dress and different phases of college life were given by some of our own teachers, and speakers from the University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania College for Women and from Margaret Morrison entertained the club girls with interesting and instructive lectures. After the meetings, tea was usually served, in order to give the girls experience in serving and, also, to add a little diversion to the meetings.

Our meetings were well attended throughout the year, and the club has met with great success, considering that it is just a new organization.



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

EditorEleanor Donnally
AssistantAnna Moore

Class of 1901

Mae Browning (Mrs. Harry P. Chesney).....1505 State avenue, Coraopolis
Elva Boyd.....1804 Montour street, Coraopolis
Alice DeHaven (Mrs. W. R. Holliday)....253 West 66th street, Chicago, Ill.
Anna Dithrich (Mrs. Frank Miller).....915 Fifth avenue, Coraopolis
Anna Grace Stevenson (Mrs. McKibben).....603 Main street, Coraopolis

Class of 1902

Class Motto—*Altiora Quaerimus*

Class Colors—Gold and White

Let us remember the Class of 1902 as the FIRST graduating class of the Coraopolis High School.

Our course covered three years' work. We had at that time just two teachers, Miss Anna Ankrom and Professor William Fell.

Our enrollment consisted of five scholars, Iona Elise Beigle, Mary Jane Taylor, Nellie McCracken Neison, Eva May Magnus and Frank Martin DeHaven. I am very proud to say not one of these dropped out during our three years' course and all are living at this present writing.

Two of our number, Nellie McCracken Neison and Eva May Magnus, had gone through all the grades of the same school, while the other three members had fallen into our ranks during our public and High School education.

The High School evidently proved to be a good thing for the Class of 1902, although, at that time, many of our good citizens were opposed to higher education.

Iona Elise Beigle is now Mrs. Howard Jenkins of Coraopolis Heights and the proud mother of a four-year-old daughter.

Mary Jane Taylor, now Mrs. Clyde C. Clark of Coraopolis, has a son Fred, who is 13 years old and is now in the Junior High School of Coraopolis.

Nellie McCracken Neison, still living in Coraopolis, has been employed for the past nineteen years as stenographer for the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad in their Pittsburgh office.

Eva May Magnus, residing since 1904 in Wilkinsburg, has been employed for the last seventeen years as bookkeeper and stenographer for the hardware firm of Scarborough & Klauss Co., located at 3809 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh.

Frank Martin DeHaven is married and now living at Fairland Heights, Independence, Mo. He is the proud father of two children, a daughter twelve years old and a son two years old.

Miss Anna Ankron, our High School teacher, resides in Wilkinsburg, and is still a teacher in the High Schools of Homestead, where she has been employed for quite a number of years. Recently we have heard of her serious illness in West Penn Hospital, and wish to extend sincere sympathy.

Professor William Fell is living in Sharon.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. Moffett, president of Washington and Jefferson College, on Sunday evening, June 15, 1902, in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The church was crowded and the essays given by the members of the class were appreciated, if one judged by the applause.

In behalf of the Class of 1902, I wish to extend greetings and congratulations to the Graduating Class of 1925.

EVA MAY MANGUS.

Secretary of Class of 1902

Class of 1903

Jessie Harper, the honor student, is a notary public, and has an office with her brother, E. C. Harper, Mill street, Coraopolis.

Alice Phillips is Mrs. J. Williard Acheson, doing missionary work in Egypt.

Clara Belle Shryock, deceased.

A. Jay Goff is a prominent business man at Robinson, Ill.

Ethel Heber is Mrs. Royal F. McAdams, residence 1706 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Belle Buzza is musical supervisor of the schools of Woodlawn, residence, Vance avenue, Coraopolis.

Mary Byers is Mrs. George Gillis, residence Yatesboro.

Hoping this will be of some use and wishing you much success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(MRS. ETHEL H. McADAMS)

Class of 1904

No class. Change in High School course from three to four years.

Class of 1905

John Bletzinger, Graham Bolt & Nut Co.....Main street, Coraopolis
Zula Conkle (Mrs. Myron H. Eckert).....Youngstown, Ohio
Isabella Dillon.....Watson street, Coraopolis
Mary Ewing (Mrs. Robert Rowbottom....)....R. D. No. 2, New Sheffield
Dr. George H. Gillis.....Yatesboro
Alma McCormick (Honor Student).....(Deceased)
Mabel Watson (Mrs. A. P. Watson) teaching Social Service.....
.....5 Patchin Place, New York City

Class of 1906

Of all the members of the Class of 1906 only two are in Coraopolis. Oscar McCormick is on his farm on Coraopolis Heights, and Jessamine DeHaven (Mrs. C. F. Lewis) is married and lives here.

Charles Adams, an attorney, lives in Sewickley.

Guy Atkinson is in the hardwood floor business in Detroit.

E. Claire Ferree is electrical superintendent of the Trinidad Gas, Transmission and Power Co., Trinidad, Colo.

Olive McElravy (Mrs. J. B. Wharton) has two children and lives in Baden.

Edith Stewart is Mrs. Charles Barr of Beaver Falls.

Since the death of his wife, Edward McCoy, with his seven children, has been with his parents at Forest Grove.

Marie Shryock (Mrs. Robert Cook) has broken up her home because of illness and is now with her mother.

Etta McKinley died of influenza during the epidemic.

Clyde Ewing (Honor Student) died in Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1922.

JESSAMINE DeHAVEN LEWIS

Class of 1907

Connell Allison.....(Deceased)
Nellie Brand.....(Deceased)
Carrie Boyd (Mrs. Charles A. Gribben).....Taylorstown
Maud Byers (Mrs. Thomas Brand, Jr.).....610 Vine street, Coraopolis

Earl Buzza (Honor Student).....800 Seventh avenue, Coraopolis
 Edna Coffey (Mrs. Elmer Linnert).....Birmingham, Ala.
 Edna Connell.....1234 Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Helen Moore (Mrs. J. S. Cooper).....
600 Harrison avenue, Burlington, Iowa
 Adah McBrier.....927 Main street, Coraopolis
 Paul McKown.....600 Manhattan building, Philadelphia
 Mary McKee (Mrs. Ralph Moody).....R. D. No. 2, Coraopolis
 Clyde Nesbit.....Marine National Bank, Pittsburgh
 Milly Richey (Mrs. A. T. Engle).....(Deceased)
 Lester Stewart.....Broadway, Dormont
 Lucy Taylor (Mrs. Eugene Hazen).....Coraopolis

Class of 1908

To the best of my knowledge, our class is doing just about the same things they did last year. A number of the class have gone away and are not in touch with anyone here that I know of, so that I have no information concerning them.

While you are in school it seems impossible that you will ever cease to be interested in what your classmates do, but often after you are out a few years, while you do not cease to be interested, with new friends and responsibilities, your outlook changes and what once seemed so important dwindles to a mere nothing.

The importance of a High School education cannot be minimized, and the longer I live the more thankful I am that I have had one. The help it has been cannot be estimated in money, both for the education and the friends it has brought. The mere fact that you and I have attended dear Old Cory High School is a bond between us, although we are not acquainted with each other.

I am sorry not to be able to write an interesting letter concerning our activities, but as I do not have the necessary material, I will have to let you use last year's material for the Class of 1908.

Wishing you success with your Year Book, I am

Yours for Cory High,

PAULINE DILLON

Class of 1909

As we enter another year, 1925, my thoughts go back sixteen years and I think of the Class of 1909. It seems but a day when the Class of 1909 sat on the platform in the auditorium of the First Presbyterian Church of Coraopolis and received their diplomas, one by one, after completing their four-year course in the Central building.

The Class of 1909, ten in number, five boys and five girls, is a class worthy of mention. As I draw the curtain of 1925 and look back I can see our Honor Student, John Wesalosky, gone to his reward, dying for his country, on the battlefield of France.

Miss Maude Ghrist, second honor student, teaching school for a number of years, now the happy wife of a very fortunate man.

Eva Hoover, now Mrs. Charles Johnson, a very successful business woman.

Edna McElravy, a trained nurse, and now a doctor's wife, living in the western land of Utah.

George Ritchey, prosperous in business, married, and residing in the beautiful town of Crafton.

Leslie Harper, very prosperous in business, married and living on Chestnut street, Coraopolis.

Thomas Brand, Jr., a very prosperous hardware man, married, and residing in Coraopolis.

Charles Gardner, entering into matrimony last summer. (We all congratulate Charles and we all wish him a safe journey.)

Mary Phillips, yes, still Mary Phillips, teaching in the Schools at Altoona.

Bessie C. Ewing, still Bessie Ewing, working for the Pennsylvania Railroad System, Philadelphia.

Isn't this a class to be proud of? I think all our Alumni friends will agree with me when I say that the Class of 1909 is one of the most successful classes that the Coraopolis High School has ever had.

BESSIE C. EWING

Class of 1910

Let me say that the class of 1910 numbered just an even dozen, seven boys and five girls. Since our graduation, death has claimed two, Luella Ritchey and Arthur Williams.

Of the remaining ten all are married, I believe, except Jane Phillips and myself, who are both teaching school. Jane, by the way, was our Honor Student.

The roll which follows is as exact and accurate as I was able to make it.

Amend, Enid (Mrs. Wayne Rouser).....	1510 Fifth avenue, Coraopolis
Curry, Bazaleel	618 Sixth avenue, Coraopolis
Eissler, Walter C.....	1520 Vance avenue, Coraopolis
Murphy, Edward	City Hall, Erie
Neison, Marguerite (Mrs. William R. Ewing).....	Upper Montclair, N. J.
Parry, George	1206 McCabe street, Coraopolis
Phillips, Jane	Stanton College, Stanton, Ky.
Pittock, Louis B.....	80 Elm street, Crafton
Platt, Mabel L.....	723 George street, Coraopolis
Ritchey, Luella	(Deceased)
Ross, LeMaire	Baltimore, Md.
Williams, Arthur	(Deceased)

If you wish more detailed information regarding their professions or positions I will be glad to try to find it for you but I presumed that the addresses were all you really wanted.

Cordially yours,

MABEL L. PLATT

Class of 1911

The Class of 1911 consisted of twelve members, seven girls and five boys.

Three of the boys, Horace Thomas, Jr., Carl Scharpf, and Elmore Andrews, are practicing law. Horace Thomas is in business with his father, Carl Scharpf for himself, both with offices in the Berger building, Pittsburgh; while Elmore Andrews is with the firm of Thompson, Hine and Flory, in Cleveland. He is joint author of a book, "Financing Real Estate," which was published in December, 1924.

William F. Arras, to quote himself, is "selling the best store fixtures on the market" for the W. B. McLean Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh.

William Smith is in charge of the oil department of the Larkin Soap Co., Buffalo.

Marguerite Manning, now Sister M. Silveria, is teaching in Nazareth Normal, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Rebecca Milliken Thompson is living with her mother at Colona in Beaver County.

Olga E. Losa has charge of the welfare work at the Jones & Laughlin steel plant in Woodlawn.

Alice Cain is a registered nurse, doing private nursing in the Pittsburgh hospitals.

Three of the girls, Ruth Getty, Margaret Simons and Zilma Conkle Hague, chose the teaching profession. Ruth Getty taught in Colorado recently, but is now at home. Margaret Simons, Honor Student, has charge of the girls' physical training in the Dormont School.

The following are the home addresses of the class:

Elmore L. Andrews...3316 Ingleside road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio
William F. Arras.....1693 New Haven avenue, Dormont
Alice Cain.....1721 Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
Zilma Conkle (Mrs. W. R. Hague).....1029 Hilland avenue, Coraopolis
Ruth A. Getty.....Groveton
Olga E. Losa.....1107 Vance avenue, Coraopolis
Marguerite Manning (Sister M. Silveria). Nazareth Normal, Rochester, N. Y.
Rebecca Milliken (Mrs. Thompson).....Colona
Margaret Simons.....3496 Schaffer place, Dormont
Carl F. Scharpf.....930 State avenue, Coraopolis
William A. Smith.....Hamburg, N. Y.
Horace Thomas, Jr.....Maple avenue extension, Coraopolis

Submitted by

ZILMA CONKLE HAGUE

Class of 1912

Although I have inquired diligently, there are still one or two of the class about whom no information can be had.

Dolph Stark, our president, completed the medical course at Pitt, and is now a practicing physician in Erie. He married Erma McCornick, of Coraopolis.

Forest Eberle is a Lutheran minister at Canonsburg.

Ida Colbeck is now Mrs. Dave Richardson, Franklin.

William McBride is a sanitary engineer for the Jones & Laughlin Co., at Woodlawn. He is married and lives in Coraopolis.

Zella Chambers is in charge of the Art Department of the Crafton schools, and lives in Coraopolis.

C. Howard Stevenson is in the insurance business in Pittsburgh. He is married, and resides at 1695 New Haven avenue, Dormont.

Olive Trunick had been for some time connected with the Avalon schools, but has recently gone to Los Angeles, Cal.

John Mercer is employed in a bank at Duquesne.

Harold Williams is somewhere in Oklahoma.

Thayer Ross is now Mrs. Harry Ley, residing in Tulsa, Okla.

Marguerite Maratta is Mrs. W. A. Mortimer, of Basin, Wyo. Mr. Mortimer is engaged in the oil and gas business.

Melita Bitters is Mrs. Carl M. Osborne, Sanduskey, Ohio.

Rena Boyd is Mrs. William Neely, Rosslyn Heights.

Arthur Platt is in the automobile repair business in Pittsburgh, and is also a part time instructor at Carnegie Tech. He is married, and lives at 3420 Parkview avenue, Pittsburgh.

Yours truly,

A. R. PLATT

Class of 1913

Some weeks ago you requested information regarding the whereabouts of the members of the class of 1913. Finally, with the aid of an inquisitive tongue and the telephone company, I have been enabled to compile the following section of "Who's Who" for your publication.

My first inquiry concerned the group from McKees Rocks. Anna Brad-

ley, who is now Mrs. Lambert, is still living in McKees Rocks and teaches in the McKees Rocks schools.

Marie Merkle, now Mrs. Marshall Seibert, also lives in McKees Rocks and teaches in the Neville Island school.

Gilbert Sexton is married, and is connected with the chemical works on Neville Island and lives in Fleming Park.

Next on my list came George Podiden, who is an architect, and who lives in McKees Rocks.

George Rizner, married, is now a full-fledged M. D., and is specializing in nervous diseases at St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh.

Lada Losa (Honor Student) also an M. D., is practicing in Homestead and is on the staff of the Homestead Hospital.

Hallard Hoover is married, lives in Coraopolis and does clerical work for the Pittsburgh Knife & Forge Co.

Joe Anderson is a construction engineer and is now working in Wilmerding.

Nina Tibbals (Mrs. Franklyn Morrison) is living in Clearfield, where her husband is principal of the High School. Nina suffered a nervous breakdown during the winter from which she is gradually recovering.

William Dailey is doing engineering work for one of the large steel plants in Steubenville, Ohio.

Howard Davis has joined the ranks of the benedicts. He is assistant to the manager of sales of the Bollinger Andrews Construction Co.

Valva Luke is nursing at the West Penn Hospital and is living in East End, Pittsburgh.

Howard Bletzinger is connected with the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., at Woodlawn.

Bernice Roberts has been confined to her home in Coraopolis since September, due to illness.

John McCormick was recently married and is living on Coraopolis Heights.

Esther Somerville (Mrs. Tipker) is still living in Carnot.

Earl Rauber is married and is teaching in the Chicago University.

Harriett Watson (Mrs. Rodgers Peale) has travelled far from her Alma Mater and her home town. She is now located at Moro Cocha, Peru, South America.

Palmer Andrews is another who has ventured far. He is manager of the Fred Lack Tourist Agency in their Paris, France, office.

Of the Class of '13, two have died; Edith Baker, who passed away during the influenza epidemic in 1918, and Fred Byers, a lieutenant in Naval Aviation, who was killed during a flight in California, in December of 1923.

As for the writer, her chief activity is in the teaching of algebraic mysteries to the Freshmen of C. H. S.

Having accounted for twenty-two persons, the list is completed.

With best wishes for the success of the "Review," I am

Yours,

GERTRUDE BESSELMAN

Class of 1914

Charles Allen	1411 Fourth avenue, Coraopolis
John Ashville.....	Harrington Place, McKees Rocks
Alice Baker.....	Broadway, Coraopolis
Vlada Belchrad	Chicago, Ill.
Marion Dickson (Mrs. C. C. Cowell, whose husband teaches in Robert College).....	Constantinople, Turkey
Warren Dunlap	California
Esther England (Mrs. J. E. Johns).....	1205 E. Main street, Massillon, Ohio

Eula Guy (Dramatic Work)Chicago, Ill.
 Gretchen Hamilton (Mrs. Braden H. Hayes).....Perrin, Florida
 Dale IronsSixth avenue, Coraopolis
 Mildred McCoy (Mrs. E. R. Prouty).....1060 Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Gladys McMurtrie.....Russelwood avenue, West Park, McKees Rocks
 Leota Shanks (Mrs. Richard Fox).....Neville Island
 Esther Sproul.....McKees Rocks
 Dr. Charles R. Smith.....West Penn Hospital, Pittsburgh
 Logan Way.....1130 Hiland avenue, Coraopolis
 Marguerite Winston (Honor Student) (Mrs. W. Crawford)..Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1915

Station C. H. S.—Broadcasting on a wave length of 1915 from here and there.

Folks, we have a number of communications which we are going to acknowledge at this time.

Here's a telegram from Marie Amend, Coraopolis. She signs it Mrs. John Leonard.

We are glad to hear from Mrs. H. F. Jenkins, Jeannette. Our listeners will remember her as "Kay" Arras.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Aten wire us from Canton, Ohio. Gene's wife was formerly "Gert" Phillips.

R. A. Bletzinger, better known as "Pinky," sends his best. Bletzinger is in the radio business down in Coraopolis.

From New York, Columbia University, Professor John Ross Burns Byers states that our program is coming in fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Boyd, Coraopolis, are enjoying our program tonight, according to Mr. Boyd's conversation over the phone a few minutes ago.

We're glad to hear from Idilla Cox, Imperial. Understand she is teaching in the Imperial High School. We're more than glad to hear from her.

Our old friend, Earl Davis, advises that he is still designing barges for the Dravo Company, Neville Island. That's fine.

We want to thank Mrs. G. G. Figley, down in New Sheffield, for her telegram. She used to sign 'em "Peg" Ewing.

Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Morse (the latter known in her High School days as "Marty" Gibson) are enthusiastic radio fans. "Doc" is a dentist somewhere in Coraopolis. We appreciate their letter.

We have a telegram from Bradford, signed "Mrs. Leonard Whitney." That's Adah Gillis, friends.

Here's another from Mil Helm, now Mrs. Albrecht. It comes all the way from Coraopolis.

We take delight in announcing that we have finally located Dr. Alvin Harper. He's practicing dentistry in Bellevue. Greetings, "Doc"!

Ellis Irons and his wife state they are enjoying our program. The communication comes from Cleveland, Ohio.

Another one from Coraopolis—Milt Irwin requests a musical number. We hope later to render it for "Less". He spends the daytime at Graham Bolt & Nut Co., Neville Island.

From Erie we have just received a telegram signed "Mrs. J. D. Stark" (better known as Erma McCormick). Says program is coming in fine.

Here is one from Mrs. F. F. Wiedorn (used to be Marge MacDonald) away up in Waterbury, Conn.

Another from Mrs. Freda Pindell, Coraopolis. (Better known as Freda Morrison.)

A letter from Mrs. Joseph Drugmand, Imperial. Mrs. Drugmand will be remembered as Grace Minnick.

Miss Mildred Minnick wires us from Slippery Rock. She is attending the Normal School there.

Glad to hear from our old friend John McKee, and his family, out in New Castle.

If here isn't one from "Bob" O'Reilly, Tulsa, Okla. "Bob" wants us to keep up the "jazz." We'll just do that, "Bob."

We want to thank Mrs. Albert McClaren, Coraopolis, for her telegram.

Miss Dorothy Pittock, Ingram, wires that she is enjoying the concert this evening. We certainly appreciate your message, Dorothy.

Here is one signed "Marian B. Ross" Coraopolis, requesting "Tea for Two." All right, Marian, we'll be glad to favor you in just a few minutes.

George Simpson, away up on Coraopolis Heights, wires us that although they are almost snowed under, the program is coming in perfectly and wants us to repeat "Where's my Sweetie Hiding?"

We're glad to hear from Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Thomas, Dormont.

Faye Wood, McKees Rocks, died of tuberculosis in April, 1925.

We're glad to hear from Bertha Hershinger, Esplen. Understand she is teaching there.

Pauline Logue sends a message from Olean, N. Y. As to Eva Williams, we are unable to locate her whereabouts.

We thank you all for your kind messages and trust you will let us hear from you often.

This is Station C.H.S. signing off until 1926 "Review."

MARTHA G. MORSE, Announcer

Class of 1916

I have some knowledge of my class mates and if everything is not new to everyone, I hope this will at least help to remind them of our days in C. H. S. Let's have a roll call beginning with:

Margaret Boyd, our Honor Student who, is now a much peppier Margaret since she has the weight of the "then class book" off her shoulders. She is teaching in Library, and also makes her home there.

Grace Anderson is still the same congenial Grace and is helping Uncle Sam by doing her duty in the Coraopolis post-office.

Charlotte Arras, since she took the vow to "love, honor and ?", is now Mrs. Raymond Ague and is living in Coraopolis.

Ruth Bailey is still on Main street.

Marguerite Beckert is working everyday, because I see her running for the street car every a.m. She is employed in the office of the Island Petroleum Company.

Cora Ella Watson has deserted us for a husband and now lives in Washington, Pa. She also has a lovely little daughter.

Joyce Van Wegen we never see, now that she is Mrs. Smith and lives in Ellwood City.

Hand in hand with Joyce we think of Esther Buchanan. She married a brother of Joyce's husband and is also living in Ellwood city.

Frances Lowe, who cannot truthfully be called "Fat" any more since she became one of "Wallace's" many followers, is still with the Ohio Valley Trust Co. in Coraopolis. She is the same good-natured "Fat."

Margaret Crawford did as she was expected—married Howard Clark—once a member of our class, and is now living on Ridge avenue, Coraopolis.

Woodford Hamilton, now that he must look out for Vesta, goes to work every day in the Coraopolis National Bank.

Eva Kerr is also married, changing her name to Mrs. George Evans and residing in Sewickley.

Anna McBride is still tall and stately and is now wielding the old time

ruler at a high school in Sharon. I'm sure you will all envy her when I tell you she is sailing this spring for a tour of Europe.

James Moody, we are sorry to say, has finished his life's work on earth and is the first and only deceased member of our class.

Esther Holmes, finding another interest in life besides her work, decided to become Mrs. John Morrow. But, from force of habit, she still comes to the bank every morning.

Irene Carroll, the tiny member of our class, now boasts of a big and strong husband. She is Mrs. A. Barkowsky and lives in Sewickley. And have you seen her son? When you see him you can't see little Irene, for he's sure a "whopper" of a baby!

Frances Browning is still practicing what she studied back in the good old days by being one of the Consolidated Glass Co.'s best stenographers.

Orpheus Harper, still the same "Orph," I understand spends a good bit of his time on the other side of the river. Keep your ears open for those wedding bells, everybody! He is in business for himself in Coraopolis.

Vesta Harper surprised us all by marrying one of our three male members, Woodford Hamilton. They have a delightful home on Vance avenue, Coraopolis.

Marguerite Chesney has marched to the strains of "Lohengrin" and is now Mrs. Richard Elsner. She lives in Beaver and has a young son.

Corrine Dickson is now living in Crafton and is teaching Domestic Science in the Pittsburgh schools.

As for myself, I'm still around and spending a good bit of my time on Neville Island in the offices of the Dravo Contracting Co.

HELENE CUSACK

Class of 1917 and Class of 1918

Time—1945.

Place—Fashionable residence on Riverside Drive, New York City.

Principals—Two chic young ladies, products of Fifth avenue.

"I surely am glad, Babs, that our mothers are having this splendid trip home for their class re-unions. Just think, twenty years since they last saw any of their old classmates.

"Yes, Margie, and wasn't it fun to just sit and listen to them reminiscing after they found that old Year Book from 1925. Your mother was so interested as she went through the list of the 1917 Class.

1917

Harry Anderson, draftsman at the Lewis Foundry. Address, Montour street, Coraopolis.

Helen Black, a successful teacher in our public school. Address—843 Hiland avenue, Coraopolis.

Virginia Burns (Mrs. C. W. Duff), proud mother of one child, Marjorie Louise. Address, State avenue, Coraopolis.

Emma Coombs (Mrs. Corley) Honor Student. Address, Cumberland, Ohio.

Sarah Dickey, employed in Pittsburgh. Address, 953 Third avenue, Coraopolis.

Marion Engle, a very highly accomplished pianist. Address, 1056 Ridge avenue, Coraopolis.

Clyde Fellows, salesman. Address, Mt. Washington.

Rena Goldberg (Mrs. Goldblum), The happy mother of one son, Marion. Address, Darlington road, Pittsburgh.

Frances Helm (Mrs. N. B. Neison), twins go to make up her happy home, James and Jacob. Address, Fifth avenue, Coraopolis.

Michael Lattanzio, Mellon National Bank, Foreign Dept, Pittsburgh. Address, Second avenue, Coraopolis.

Alice McBride, teacher in the Dormont school. Address, 1608 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Helen McCague, a missionary. Address, Springfield, Ohio.

Jessie McDonald (Mrs. Harold Hattman), journeyed recently to the Southlands, Florida.

Muriel McKee, teacher in the Moon Township school. Address, Coraopolis Heights.

Harriet O'Bryon (Mrs. Fred Bucklew). Address, Warsaw, Ohio.

Helen O'Reilly, clerk at the Neville Island plant of the Graham Bolt & Nut Co. Address, Hiland avenue, Coraopolis.

Thomas Robb, broker. Address, Chicago, Ill.

William Simpson, art designer for O. J. Gude Co. Pittsburgh. Address, Coraopolis Heights.

Agnes Snedden (Mrs. Earle Carroll). Address, 1104 Fifth avenue, Coraopolis.

Clarence Starrett, married. Our most recent author. Last book, "The Long Green Gaze," collaborated. Address, Pittsburgh.

Nyda Thomas (Mrs. De Medio), mother of two daughters. Address, Philadelphia.

Frances Verner, teaching at Farrell. Address, Sharon.

Gyla Weimer, attending Pittsburgh Academy. Address, 615 Ferree street, Coraopolis.

Lucille Mercer (Mrs. James Fallant). Mr. Fallant is one of the faculty of the Indiana State Normal. Address, Indiana, Pa.

Lest we forget our two boys who gave their lives for their country: Vance Hays and Arthur Holmes.

"And Oh: Babe, how excited your mother was! She could hardly wait until mother was finished so she could do some reminiscing herself—

1918

Aileene Barrett (Mrs. George Kaszer), stenographer for Duquesne Steel Foundry Co. Address, 413 Mill street, Coraopolis.

Leonard Cahen, managing a successful haberdashery. Address, 1130 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Isabel Chesney, brightening her corner of the office world at the Standard Steel Spring Co. Address, 718 George street, Coraopolis.

Joanna Cusack, helping to see that the Vulcan Oil Refining Co. have a most successful year. Address, 1020 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Helen Daily (Mrs. William Clemens). Address, 1005 Wood street, Duquesne.

Mildred Grunnagle (Honor Student), sharing her superior knowledge with the boys and girls of Neville Island school. Address, 1230 Hiland avenue, Coraopolis.

Byron Hafer, teaching in Albion High School, also athletic coach. Address, Albion, Pa.

Joseph Harper, clerk for the Ohio Valley Trust Co. Address, Coraopolis.

Florence Hoffman (Mrs. Norman Patton). Address, Maple street, Coraopolis.

Edward Kelly, employed by the Magnolia Oil Co., Kansas City, Mo. Address, Kansas City, Mo.

Laudislaus Klohs, engineer on Rimrock Dam. Address, Rimrock, Wash.

Alice Losa (Mrs. Gordon Pilky), secretary to Rev. V. Losa. Address, 1107 Vance avenue, Coraopolis.

Arthur McCabe, senior in the School of Dentistry, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh. Address, 1030 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Merle McConnell, married. Owns a large apiary of bees, also works at the Duquesne Steel Foundry. Address, Imperial.

Gussie McCormick (Mrs. Robert Leigh), happy mother of a daughter, Barbara Ann. Address, 667 Fifth avenue, Coraopolis.

Merle McCoy, working in Pittsburgh. Address, 1060 Ridge avenue, Coraopolis.

Harold McCullough, following a musical career. Address, Euclid avenue, Bellevue.

Russell McDonald, clerk for the Duquesne Light Co., Pittsburgh. Address, Locust street, Coraopolis.

Marie McKay, head nurse at the Children's Hospital, Pittsburgh. Address, Children's Hospital, Pittsburgh.

Helen McMahon, secretary to the manager of the Vulcan Oil Refining Co. Address, 1104 Vance avenue, Coraopolis.

Marion Neely (Mrs. H. L. Luchtemeyer), proud mother of two children, Betty Jean and Mary Carol. Address, 1302 Spring street, Jeffersonville, Ind.

John Rock, at home. Address, 1112 Ridge avenue, Coraopolis.

Emma Schmidt, stenographer at the Graham Bolt & Nut Co. Address, 1611 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Donald Smith, senior at the Law School, Georgetown University. Address, Washington, D. C.

Edward Smith Address, Box 896, Deland, Florida.

Marie Steinfield (Mrs. C. H. Kehlenbeck). Address, Miami, Florida.

Gertrude Stewartson (Mrs. Thomas Algeo). Address, Dormont.

Thelma Wassum, teaching at Carnot school. Address, 1138 Vance avenue.

Marguerite Winters, teaching at the Perryopolis High School. Address, Perryopolis.

REPRESENTATIVES OF CLASSES OF '17 and '18

Class of 1919

One day, not long ago, I was in the city, and by luck met one of my Class of '19. We hadn't seen each other for some time, due to the fact that she had moved from the vicinity soon after graduation, so naturally we began a conversation regarding the members of our class. Together we collected this bit of news. A number of our members are married, namely:

Marion Ferree (Mrs. Hill Crawford), residing in Coraopolis.

Audrey Gould (Mrs. Kerr), residing in Coraopolis.

Dorothy Minch (Mrs. J. S. Sides), residing in Dormont.

Kathryn Robb (Mrs. Carl Scharpf), residing in Coraopolis.

Julia Stanton (Mrs. Ed. Cornelius), residing in Coraopolis.

Ethyl Ritchav (Mrs. C. Moekle), residing in Coraopolis.

Margaretta Swartz (Mrs. J. J. Myers), residing in Coraopolis Heights.

We both understood that Ruth Helm is teaching in Bridgeville and that John Stewart is teaching in Sewickley.

Forest Starrett is working in Detroit, Mich.

Wilma Passavant is a busy nurse and enjoys her work so much.

Catherine Kelly is living at home, 840 Seventh avenue, Coraopolis.

Mary Lewis is at home at 1320 State avenue, Coraopolis.

Viva Trimmer works for Dravo and lives at 844 Seventh avenue, Coraopolis.

Margaret Corbett is living in Clarion.

There were several of our members whom neither of us had news of, but we supposed that Lillian Patton is still living in West Park.

Also that Dean Wagner was still at Beachcliff Road.

We had no address for Joyce Wilson.

By the time we had talked over the Class of '19, we were back in the spirit of those good days at C.H.S. and we are sure that the members of this year's Class will be as loyal Alumni members as we have tried to be.

ALUMNA REPRESENTATIVE

OF CLASS OF '19

Class of 1920

Frederick Ferguson, the president, is now with the Ohio Valley Trust Company.

Nelson Irons, the class vice president, is a salesman for a firm in Pittsburgh.

Alice Engle, the class secretary, is a member of the Parnassus teaching force.

Lawrence Harper, who was class treasurer, is employed by the United States Glass Co. in Pittsburgh.

Anthony Amon is in California.

Jesse Anderson is attending State College.

Louise Bailey is staying at home, in Bulger.

Michael Barry is working for the Duquesne.

Sylvia Burgun was one of the graduates from the University of Pittsburgh in February.

Grace Chambordon is a teacher in the Coraopolis schools.

Arnold Constantin is working for the Duquesne Steel Foundry Co.

Marie Dame is living in Coraopolis. She is now Mrs. Harper.

Stewart Cupps or "Cuppy" is a member of a newspaper force in Columbus, Ohio.

Wallace Englehardt, is a member of the Field Service Staff of the University of Pennsylvania.

Zelma Ewing is teaching in the Junior High School in Woodlawn.

Ruth Hattman is in Florida.

Kathryn Lewis moved to Chicago after graduation.

Marion Minch is teaching in the high school at Arnold.

Donald McMasters is assistant professor of mathematics at State College.

Amos Reinhart is employed by the Jones & Laughlin Co. at Woodlawn.

Clara Rebischung is with the Consolidated Lamp & Glass Co.

Nettie Rupert, who is now Mrs. Smith, is residing in Coraopolis.

Elsie Smith is employed by a Pittsburgh firm.

Adelaide Trunick also works for a firm in Pittsburgh.

Howard Verner is a salesman for a firm in Pittsburgh.

Russell Von Stein is attending Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

John Wassum is attending Syracuse University at Syracuse, New York

ALUMNA REPRESENTATIVE

OF CLASS OF 1920

Class of 1921

Hazel McCutcheon (Honor Student) Senior at Geneva College.....

.....Hiland avenue, Coraopolis

James Beech,.....George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

Hazel Bell, (Mrs. Bryant).....Coraopolis

Stella Bickerstaff.....West Penn Hospital, Pittsburgh

Carl Black.....Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio

Laura Butterfield.....Murraysville

Harriet Buzza...Nurses' Home, 808 Sherman avenue, North Side Pittsburgh

Vivian Cahen, at home.....State avenue, Coraopolis

Adalene Chambordon; teaching in Neville Island..Ridge avenue, Coraopolis

Joseph Conroy, University of Pittsburgh.....Mill street, Coraopolis

William Cutts, partner in Broadway Pharmacy....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Ruth Dickey (Mrs. Avery B. Lee).....Chestnut street, Coraopolis
 Marian Eissler (Mrs. George Metcalf).....Coraopolis
 Leroy Everard, Rock Gas Products Co., Neville Island.....
Montour street, Coraopolis
 Mary Ewing, stenographer at Transcontinental Oil Co.....
Fifth avenue, Coraopolis
 Cecil Harper, University of Pittsburgh.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Carl Hoffman, University of Pittsburgh.....Maple street, Coraopolis
 Lawrence Irwin, University of Pittsburgh.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Mildred Meanor, teaching in Carnot.....Carnot
 Frances McCarriher (Mrs. Kenneth Miller).....Glenwillard
 Mary McDonald, employed in Pittsburgh.....925 Locust street, Coraopolis
 Velma McDowell.....Main street, Coraopolis
 Howard Oles, works for Philadelphia Co., in Pittsburgh.....
State avenue, Coraopolis
 Thomas Ridge, works for Jones & Laughlin.....Ferree street, Coraopolis
 Dorothy Roll, assistant to her father, Chas. W. Roll, of the Coraopolis....
 Record.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Edwin SimpsonFostoria, Ohio
 Tony Thomas, Ohio State University.....Columbus, Ohio
 Phyllis Watson, Syracuse University.....New York
 Marion Stone, New England Conservatory of Music.....Boston
 Louise Shoup, West Virginia University.....Morgantown, W. Va.
 Gladys Ritchay, secretary to Dr. Meanor.....Wood street, Coraopolis
 Sarah Corbett, Slippery Rock Normal.....Slippery Rock

Class of 1922

Blanche Beck, better known as "Beckie," is with the Standard Steel Spring Co. of Coraopolis.

Rosella Braun is Squire Stevenson's secretary, and has held the position for two years. She must be very efficient.

Kathleen Burgun, or "Kay," is a student at the University of Pittsburgh and aspires to greater heights as a teacher of languages. (Honor Student).

Byron Browning is working for the Duquesne Light Co., having been transferred from their city office to Sewickley.

Lois Carroll, "Butch," is employed by the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. on the South Side, Pittsburgh. We believe she is responsible for the high price of sugar.

Louisa Carroll is helping to keep the Montour R. R. in running condition.

Geraldine Corbett, otherwise "Babe," is one of the brilliant stars at Margaret Morrison.

Ray Daggs is attending Bucknell University at Lewisburg.

Harriett Dally has at last reached her ambition as teacher, at the Pleasant View School.

Marie Dougherty is in the hardware business at Wickenhiser's.

Samuel Demascio is employed by the Pittsburgh Knife & Forge Co. of Coraopolis.

Sara Forsythe, "Sal," is the bookkeeper for Minch & Selzer, undertaking and furniture.

Robert Geisler, "Bob," is with the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. of Wood-lawn.

Frank Lamark, "Chick" our poet, did not live up to our ideals, but is attending the University of Pittsburgh. We expected him to be a second Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Alice Larkin is playing with steel at the Duquesne Steel Foundry Co.

Wayne Lawrence, "Weener," has regained his ambition. He is attending George Washington University at Washington, D. C., and expects to be a lawyer sometime. He will be future reference for our married members when seeking divorcees.

Howard McCabe, "Red," is attending Penn State. We do not know just what his future plans are, unless it is to be president of the school.

Ruth McCabe is attending Wooster. Her ambitions are unknown to us, but whatever they are we know that she will fulfill them.

Herbert McLenahan, "Herb," is still carrying his brief case daily to Carnegie Tech. What it holds is unknown to us.

Martha McPherson, "Mart," is a student at Westminster College. We hope she will be a success as a teacher.

Irene Myers' ambitions as a teacher are shattered, for she is now Mrs. Willis Dohrman. Good luck, Irene.

Gisella Nikischer is leaving us for a warmer clime, California.

Howard Obenreder is so little that we can hardly keep track of him, but he is seen around Coraopolis every now and then.

Dorothy O'Bryon is handling the cash at the Coraopolis National Bank. We know that it is well taken care of.

Fern Pew, our opera star, is kept very busy singing lullabys to John, Jr. She is Mrs. John H. Davis and is residing on Vance avenue.

Louise Phelps is assistant to one of the well known dentists in Pittsburgh. She is advancing rapidly and expects to open her own office soon.

William Reed, "Bill," will soon graduate from the Carnegie Tech's School of Arts. He will soon be a rival of Bud Fisher.

Ellen Mary Reeves is attending Allegheny College at Meadville.

Eda Swartz is teaching school in Neville Island.

Earl Schaffer is employed by the Standard Steel Spring Co.

Warren Starrett is a YMCA worker at the Central Y. He aspires to be Secretary in the near future.

Rudolph Udi is a student at Pitt. Just what he is majoring in, we don't know.

Katherine Venter, "Kay," is attending Wooster College. She expects to excell Miss Hoone as a teacher of foreign languages.

Josephine Weisner, "Joe," is working for the Carbo-Hydrogen Co. in their city office.

Marion Wilkins, "Pen," is still penny, although married. She is Mrs. Walter Butler, and is residing on the Heights.

DOROTHY O'BRYON

Class of 1923

Sylvester Amon, Carnegie Tech.....Chestnut street, Coraopolis
 Robert Anderson.....Montour street, Coraopolis
 Marguerite Arras, Ohio Valley Trust Co.....Fleming street, Coraopolis
 Margaret Beacom, Des Moines Steel Co.....Maple street, Coraopolis
 Eleanor Bickerstaff, clerical work in Jones & Laughlin Co.....
Hiland avenue, Coraopolis
 Lloyd Black, University of Pittsburgh.....Hiland avenue, Coraopolis
 Elsie Braun, Westminster College.....New Wilmington
 Elizabeth Brown (Honor student) Consolidated Lamp & Glass Co.....
Mill street, Coraopolis
 Alice Buzza (Mrs. Wilson Coleman).....Coraopolis
 William Calhoun.....(Deceased, March, 1925)
 Joseph Carazola, Duquesne University.....Fourth avenue, Coraopolis
 Allen Chambordon.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Grace Colegrove, Coraopolis Savings & Trust Co..Sixth avenue, Coraopolis

Bernice Coombs, employed in Montour R. R. office.....
Second avenue, Coraopolis
 Isabel DonnanR. D. No. 2, Coraopolis
 Margaret Dugan (Mrs. J. C. Cummings).....Fifth avenue, Coraopolis
 Esther Fleming (Mrs. C. G. Kohl).....Vance avenue, Coraopolis
 Morris GoodmanFifth avenue, Coraopolis
 Elma Holsinger.....Slippery Rock Normal
 Winifred Kelly.....Mulberry street, Coraopolis
 Robert Lowe, University of Pittsburgh.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Leroy Meanor, Waynesburg College.....Waynesburg
 William McCabe, Pennsylvania State College.....State College
 Helen McElroy.....Los Angeles, Cal.
 Josephine McLain (Mrs. William Miller).....Vance avenue, Coraopolis
 Walter Moses, Mt. Union College.....Alliance, Ohio
 Reeves Murphy.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Lucille Murray.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 DeForest Pew.....Vance avenue, Coraopolis
 Ruth Riley (Mrs. Hubert Krentz).....Woodland drive, Coraopolis
 Norma Reinhart.....Fifth avenue, Coraopolis
 Catherine Rock, White's real estate office.....Ridge avenue, Coraopolis
 Elizabeth Rothermel, Vulcan Oil Refining Co.....Vine street, Coraopolis
 Talferd Runkle, University of Pittsburgh.....Fifth avenue, Coraopolis
 Theodore Shafer.....R. D. No. 2, Coraopolis
 Donald Stewart.....Vance avenue, Coraopolis
 Meyer StollerBoston, Mass.
 Catherine Stone, Ohio State University.....Columbus, Ohio
 Elmer Thompson, University of Michigan.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Robert Ward, Keystone Garage.....Hiland avenue, Coraopolis
 Edwin Welsh.....Mill street, Coraopolis

Class of 1924

Dear Alex: How many lines does it take to make a letter? Do you suppose if we could get a line from each one of the Class of '24, we'd have something pretty interesting? If you think so, take a crack at it right below, and pass it along.

"I'll bank on that. And in the meantime I'll go on banking in the Coraopolis Savings & Trust Co." Howard Alexander (Alex).

"When you say "Pitt," you sure do say a mouthful. We oughta know." Harold Harper and Jack Davenport.

"I'm certainly "Somebody's Stenog." Drop in and see me some day during business hours at the Motor Club in the city." Grace Browning.

"College life is the life all right; especially when you become acquainted with it at Tech." "Bob" Baumgartel.

"I'm taking up nursing at the Presbyterian Hospital, and I like it ever so much." Nancy Kirk.

"We're in the same boat, Nancy. I'm studying nursing at the West Penn. Think it's great!" Pearle Johnson.

"Virginia McAdams and I like work immensely, but there is nothing quite like the old school days." Gertrude Miller.

"I only hope the University of Pennsylvania likes me as well as I like it." Dean Wilson (Pete).

"I surely won't hesitate to let you know that I'm having just the best of times here at Juniata College." Doris Gump.

"I find pleasure even in work. Now believe that or not." "Flop" Vincent.

"This letter surely makes me think of the good times our bunch had.

Wouldn't mind having some of them over again, either." "Joe" Cooper.

"I'm working in Economy, but I can't say that it's quite as interesting as school." Edythe McElravy.

"I little thought I'd become a school teacher, but sometimes the inevitable happens." Irene Seamens.

"I'm having a general good time and am enjoying life in general." George Omlor.

"That's true for me too, George." "Bob" McChesney.

"Mart McMaster and I are roomies at Tech and we think there's no life quite like college life." Elizabeth Mott (Betty).

"It takes about 200 lines to make a letter and mine is about the 200 first, so I'll just say "Hello, Everybody." Elmer Arras (Tuggle).

"Miriam Stewart and I both found ourselves Freshies at Wooster this year but we agree that it's quite the school." Alfred McCabe (Al).

"Just a line to let you know I'm well and happy and that I haven't forgotten any of my friends." Katherine Schaffer.

"I've got education and fun and work mixed so that I get just the right amount of each. Pretty slick, eh, what?" Cedric Coffey.

"My music and I are still the best of friends and I have high hopes of being a second Rachmaninoff." Margaret Drynan (Peg).

"The shoe business is quite the business at that." Richard Welsh (Dick).

"I'm having a fine time up here at Allegheny College. It's a great school. Don't hesitate to send any boxes." Grace Minch.

"We have nothing to do and all day of every day to do it in. Mother finds us handy though." Ruth Hater and Mildred McBride.

"Isn't it true though, Ruth? You don't have to own a "job" to keep busy." Ida Haarbye.

"We're still men around town, but we find that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Martin Dugan and Joe Cooper.

"Gee, it's nice to be your own boss." Gale McElhaney.

"Stop in at the Ohio Valley Trust Co. some day and see me, though I won't promise you a \$5.00 gold piece for a souvenir." Sarah McCutcheon.

"Working just suits me to a T and I feel right at home with my typewriter, even though I'm located in Sewickley." Frances Engle.

"I get just the right amount of work and pleasure out of "Normal" school life to keep me contented." Catherine Reed.

"College life is everything that its cracked up to be. At least I find that to be the case here at Penn State. "Sam" Hood.

"I take a street car ride every day and visit the Dravo Contracting Co. Loads of fun." Esther Pew.

"I'm way out here in Milton, clerking in a drug store, and believe me I'm sure glad to hear from the bunch." Bert Roberts.

"It's loads easier to be taught A B C's than to teach them." Helen Ferree.

"Sure glad to hear from everybody and want you to know that I haven't forgotten the gang." Tony Chilbert.

"Hello, everybody! Hope the world is treating you as fine as it's treating me." Walter Sholz.

"Helen Haushalter and Mayme Hayes and I decided to send our line together for we've all been taking it easy since school is out, but at that we find there is plenty to do and think about." Helen Krentz.

"I work for the J. & L. at Woodlawn. Find myself on the 7:33 every morning except Sunday." Albert Borovich.

"I'm preparing a few of the Carnotites for entrance to C.H.S., and it's much easier said than done." Ruth Ridge.

"You're not the only one helping to educate the future generation, Ruth. I'm serving nine months at Pleasant View School." Gace Seibert.

"Now just what would the P. & L.E.R.R. do without our invaluable services, we'd like to know?" "Flo" Irwin and Annabelle Murphy.

"Oh, boy, wot a life! College was just made for me." "Bill" Holmes.

"Westminster isn't slow in showing me a good time even though there are hours of study." Muriel Irons.

"Remember our trip to Washington, everybody? Think I'll go again, though I don't know whether to go as a Senator or as a member of the House of Representatives." Stanley McCoy (Stan).

"Worked great, didn't it, Alex? I'm not surprised though. The Class of 1924 never did fail to make itself known."

NOW U. NOITALL

CLASS POEM

O' Friendship that has held us
Thru four years of honest toil
In bonds that never yielded,
True and strong and loyal,
Hold us now, when we are parting,
Closer in your golden bands—
And keep unbroken thru the ages
That sacred chain of friendly hands!
When duties looked like mountains,
When tasks were hard to bear,
When our way was rough and rocky,
And Fate didn't seem to care—
The slender, silver cord of Friendship
Always pulled us thru—
And we reached our goal with colors flying,
Honored colors, White and Blue.
Now, our days of unity are ended
And Sadness reigns supreme,
And o'er the joy of triumph—
The achievement of our dream.
But bigger, greater things are calling—
The Future beckons to each life,
So, on you we heap our final tribute—
Dearest Class of '25.

MIRIAM CUPPS

GINGER SNAPS

An epitaph for a faithful car conductor—he took his last fare well.

It is sad but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear after.

"Dying in poverty," says a cynic, "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

A man in a Pennsylvania town, called Coraopolis, has twenty nine children. Strangers passing the house on wash days are at a loss to determine whether it is a school or a laundry.

A little six year old fellow was forced to wear a shirt three sizes too large for him. After strutting around a little while he burst out with, "Ma, I feel awful lonesome in this shirt!"

"When I was a young man," says Frank Lunn, "I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting; now I am older, I seize hold of the small end and do all the grunting."

THROUGH OUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

this Bank is protected against the many uncertainties and
dangers of a Bank that stands alone.

Coraopolis National Bank

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

EditorJames Patton
AssistantMargaret Siebert

FOOTBALL

The athletics of Coraopolis High School seem to be falling down. There are good coaches and good material but for some reason the fellows didn't get started early enough in the game. It seems as though they had to be beaten before they showed real fight. The girls' athletics have been more of a success than the boys'.

The football team had hard luck this year. In only a few games did the opponents show any margin of superiority. This year we had about seven or eight letter men back but, in spite of the good luck there, we lost the majority of our games. Next year the fellows ought to win more games since they have a few lettermen back and they have a group of fighting fellows. The games were as follows: Coraopolis vs. Imperial; Coraopolis vs. Dormont; Coraopolis vs. Avalon; Coraopolis vs. Oakmont; Coraopolis vs. McKee Rocks; Coraopolis vs. Ben Avon; Coraopolis vs. Bellevue.

A Good Start

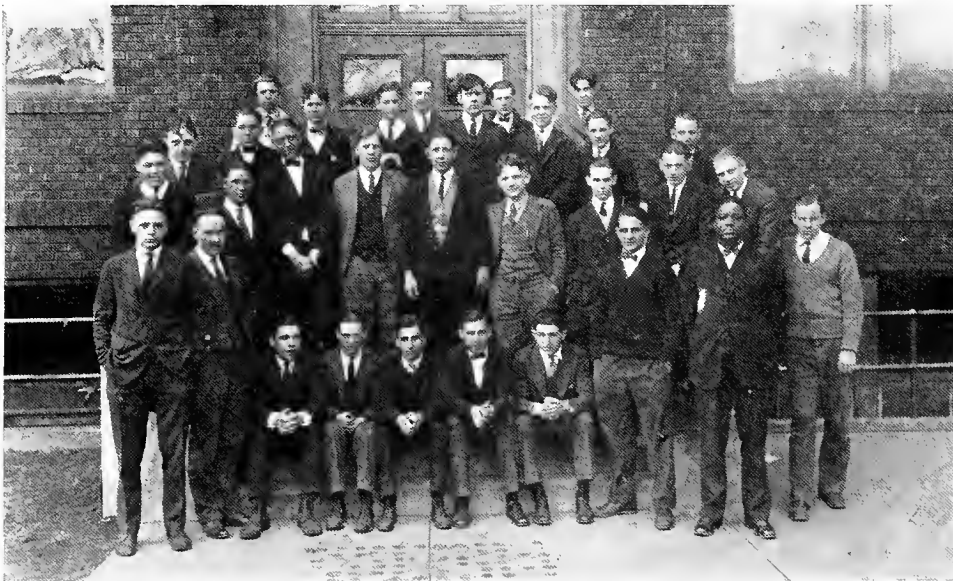
Coraopolis defeated Imperial at Imperial in a game that was hard fought during the first half but which became easy for Cory in the last half. The score was 30 to 9. Due to the large number of substitutions it was rather difficult to score.

Dormont Wins

Our fellows went to Dormont not feeling too confident of their victory of the week before. The game was very interesting from beginning to end, Dormont winning by only thirteen points, but they sure had to work for those thirteen.

A Tough One

Avalon came to Coraopolis with a team which about evenly matched our own. The game was a nothing-to-nothing tie until nearly the end of the game. The teams just seemed to see-saw back and forth in the middle of the field. With about twenty seconds to play, when our fellows were making a



FOOTBALL SQUAD

last effort to score, a forward pass was intercepted by Avalon and carried to a touchdown. They failed to make the point after touchdown.

Close

The team went to Oakmont and was defeated by the close score of 13 to 6. Each team scored a touchdown by fumbles, the last one coming near the last. The game was very slow throughout.

Defeated Again

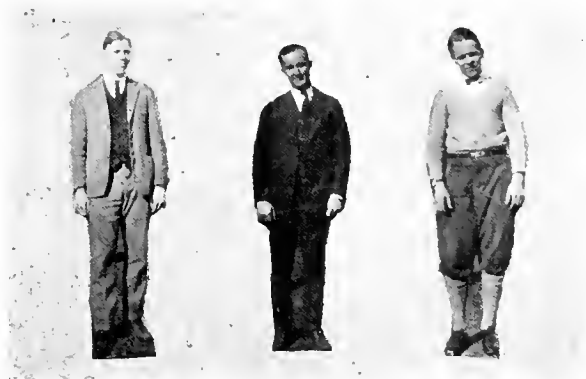
We were walloped by McKees Rocks to the tune of 27-0. Our fellows fought hard but to no avail. Many expected us to be beaten by a much larger score but we fooled 'em.

Hard Luck

Ben Avon came to Cory with a team that sadly defeated ours. Ben Avon managed to get two touchdowns in the first quarter which made our fellows mad and they obtained a touchdown in the next quarter. In the third quarter Ben Avon's goals were twice crossed by Coryites but they were not counted, due to offsidcs. Then the interest waned; and, down-hearted, our fellows allowed the visitors to score again. The score was 20-6.

Another Defeat

Our fellows lost to McDonald in a game during which the rain fell in just sufficient quantities to make the field too slippery to keep control of the



feet. The score was 30-0. One touchdown by Cory was not counted due to offside.

Bellevue Wins

Coraopolis was defeated at Bellevue by the score of 12 to 0. Many long runs were the feature of the game and most of these were made by Bellevue, but we offer no alibis and we'll be good sports and not say it was luck. Our fellows played well; in fact better than in any game of the season, due to the talks given the boys by Mr. Horner and Mr. Werner. Thanks to them.

Disgrace

There's nothing much to say about this except that our fellows played like a bunch of boobs. The score was 20 to 13 in Finley's favor.

Our Rivals Win

Sewickley, our traditional rivals, came over to Cory with a fine team. It seemed, they were able to gain at will. Seven of our fellows were hurt in

the second half. This made matters worse and Sewickley piled up the score. This was our last game and not a very good ending for the season.

BASKETBALL

The basketball team is sure to be better next year than this year. There will be five or six lettermen back this coming season and that's only the half of it; these fellows, with the exception of one, are all sophomores. So the opponents of old Cory High had better watch out because Cory is going to come to the top. They did better this season than last; however, they should have done still better, but it's the same old story, "Lack of scoring power."

Our First Victory

Our fellows defeated the smooth working team of Avalon at Avalon by the score of 18 to 14. Neither team showed much superiority over the other. Cory—Devenzio, Borovitch, Vincent, Ridge, Critchlow. Avalon—Kenster, Simpson, Dobler, Stedeford, Ferguson.

Substitutes: Cory—Normile for Borovitch, Skala for Ridge. Avalon—Sheplan for Kenster, Gaus for Ferguson.

Alumni Wins

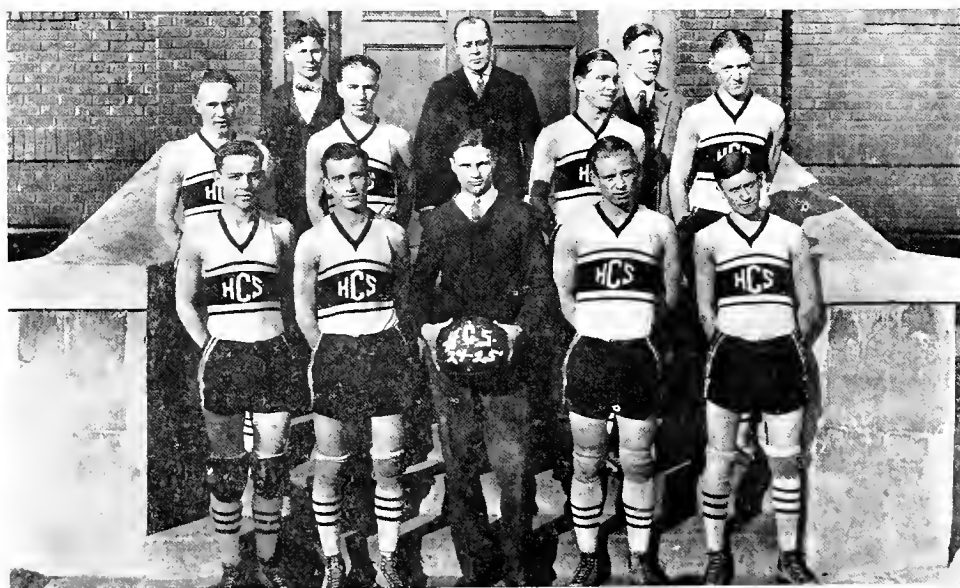
The younger fellows of our district were beaten in a very close game to the tune of 20 to 17. The Alumni proved too much for the team representing the High School. Each group used two entire teams.

Avalon Again the Losers

Avalon again was the meat for our fairly fast basketball aggregation which defeated them a second time by four points, the score being 22 to 18. The lineup is nearly the same as the other, so you may see it above.

A Sort of Change

Crafton sort of walloped us by the looks of the score; 47 to 7 is the way the game wound up. The floor was very slippery but we won't offer any ex-



BASKETBALL SQUAD

cuses. We were beaten. Cory—Borovitch, Devenzio, Vincent, Ridge, Critchlow. Crafton—Crow, Geisler, Bennett, Hadly, Bott.

Substitution: Cory—Normile for Borovitch, Gilchrist for Vincent, Patton for Ridge. Crafton—Humphrey for Geisler, Geisler for Bennett, Brice for Hadly, and T. Bennett for Bott.

Carnegie Boys the Victors

The score was a tie at the end of the first half, 7 to 7, but the second half brought the score to a seven-point lead for Carnegie. Thus we lost by a score of 23 to 16. Cory—Borovitch, Devenzio, Vincent, Ridge, Critchlow. Carnegie—Gardner, Wegner, Hillen, Mallinger, Fisher.

Substitutions: Cory—Skala for Critchlow, Patton for Ridge, Anderson for Vincent, Gilchrist for Anderson. Carnegie—Kane for Wegner.

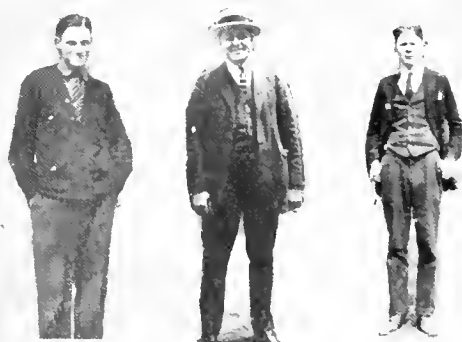
Redeeming Themselves

Coraopolis defeated Carrick in an extra period game. Interest was at a high pitch throughout. The score sure was close 24 to 22. Cory—Devenzio, Vincent, Critchlow, Patton, Ridge. Carrick—Jones, Emery, Auel, Whitehead, Albertson.

Substitutions: Cory—Thompson for Devenzio, Borovitch for Vincent. Carrick—Sowors for Auel.

We Are Beaten Again

McKees Rocks came to Cory with a fine team and beat us by 21 points. The score was 41 to 20. They were held down pretty good during the first



half, but the Rocks made a strong come back in the second half. Cory—Thompson, Vincent, Critchlow, Ridge, Patton. McKees Rocks—Angelo, Andrews, Malcolm, Otey, Uansa.

Substitutions: Cory—Thompson for Vincent, Borovitch for Thompson. Rocks—Repack for Uansa, Uansa for Andrews.

Old Rivals Defeated

Sewickley was easy for the Cory lads this year. Everyone seemed to be on the job, each fellow having a basket or two. Nevertheless, they showed a lot of fight. The score was 27 to 17. Cory—Thompson, Vincent, Critchlow, Ridge, Patton. Sewickley—Barber, Cook, Nibert, McCombs, Walf.

Substitutions: Sewickley—Lanzarotta for Cook, Cook for Lanzarotta, Winters for Nibert. Cory—Borovitch for Vincent.

Knoxville Takes One

Knoxville proved too much for us and defeated us by a score of 26 to 18. It looks as though we were over-confident after defeating our rivals. Cory—Thompson, Vincent, Critchlow, Ridge, Patton. Knoxville—Flexy, Knoept, J. Slater, Dornberg, Harper.

Substitutions: Cory—Borovitch for Vincent, Gilchrist for Critchlow, Skala for Ridge. Knoxville—Evans for Flexy, A. Slater for T. Slater, Haller for Dornberg, Snee for Harper.

A Close One But Not Won

Coraopolis fell before the Dormont team in an extra period affair. Both teams worked smoothly, and the game was very exciting to the very end. We lost in the extra period by 21 to 19 score. Cory—Borovitch, Thompson, Anderson, Patton, Skala. Dormont—Sincock, Brown, Turnblacker, Bantley, Banks.

Substitutions: Cory—Jones for Borovitch, Ridge for Skala.

Not So Bad, Considering

Although overwhelmingly defeated at Crafton our fellows took a different attitude in the second game with them and held them down to winning by four points, 17 to 13. Crafton was afraid we were going to beat them and made a few changes. Cory—Borovitch, Thompson, Anderson, Patton, Ridge. Crafton—Crum, Geisler, H. Bennett, Hadly, Bott.

Substitutions: Cory—Skala for Ridge. Crafton—Humphrey for Geisler, T. Bennett for Hadly.

Another Defeat

The team was beaten in a one-sided affair at Carnegie. Our fellows tried hard all through the game but were unable to stop the fast floorwork of the Carnegieists. The score was 26 to 11. Cory—Thompson, Borovitch, Anderson, Patton, Skala. Carnegie—Gardner, Wegner, Hiller, Mallinger, Kane.

Substitutions: Cory—Long for Thompson, Vincent for Borovitch, Ridge for Skala. Carnegie—Barr for Kane.

Carrick Falls Hard

Carrick High came here with revenge but they didn't go back feeling as though they got it. What they got was 16 points while we got 35. It was easy for our fellows to win. But we shouldn't say too much as we have been beaten ourselves. Cory—Thompson, Vincent, Anderson, Patton, Ridge. Carrick—Jones, Emery, Albertson, Whitehead, Kramer.

Substitutions: Cory—Borovitch for Vincent. Carrick—Loeter for Emery, Auel for Albertson, Hammel for Kramer.

The Rocks Rock Us

We went to McKees Rocks with the idea that we would take better care of them than the last time, but we didn't. They were able to score after working the ball down the floor just as easily as they brought it down. To make a long story short, we were beaten by the score 36 to 21. Cory—Thompson, Vincent, Anderson, Ridge, Patton. Rocks—Angelo, Andrews, Malcolm, Uansa, Otey.

Substitutions: Cory—Devenzio for Thompson, Borovitch for Vincent, Reeves for Anderson, Skala for Ridge. Rocks—Repack for Angelo, Karl for Andrews, Repack for Uansa, Byron for Otey.

Sewickley Evens Up

Sewickley came to Cory looking for revenge and went home with it, but not without a fight for it. The game was hard fought throughout. And an extra period was played to decide the winner, which was Sewickley, with 19 to our 15 points. We're not ashamed of that. Cory—Devenzio, Thompson, Anderson, Patton, Ridge. Sewickley—Barber, Cook, Nibert, Winters, Wolfe.

Substitutions: Cory—Long for Anderson, Skala for Ridge, Vincent for Patton. Sewickley—J. Barber for Nibert, McCombs for Winters.

Dormont Wins Again

The team went to Dormont only to be defeated by the strong Dormont team. What happened? We aren't sure, but something certainly must have. Look at the score: 38 to 14. Cory—Devenzio, Thompson, Anderson, Long, Skala. Dormont—Sincock, Brown, Turnblacker, Banks, Bartley.

Substitutions: Cory—Vincent for Devenzio, Borovitch for Thompson, Skala for Anderson, and Ridge for Long. Dormont—Andrews for Turnblacker, Sparrow for Banks.

Cory Loses the Last Game

Well, we went to Knoxville hoping to get even with them but we didn't, as the score will tell. The game was uninteresting but not because we lost. It was slow. The score was 27 to 19. Cory—Devenzio, Thompson, Vincent, Ridge, Skala. Knoxville—W. Flischig, J. Slater, H. Knoepp, Art Slater, Snee.

Substitutions: Cory—Borovitch for Devenzio, Anderson for Vincent, Colegrove for Skala. Knoxville—Evans for Fleschig.

Class Basketball

The class basketball championship was won by the Sophomores, and they sure were capable of winning it. The Seniors wish to congratulate them on their playing and also wish them the best of luck in the following days of their basketball career. Good luck, Sophs.

Those Who Earned the "C"

Those who earned the Coraopolis High School "C" are listed below in the respective activities:

Football—James Patton, Captain; Raymond Anderson, Abraham Deitch, Vincent Devenzio, Robert Dickey, Thomas Gaffney, Howard Gibson, Howard Tibbals, Bruce Gilchrist, Donald Iland, John Long, Ralph Miller, Ewing Murphy, Robert Thompson, Frederick Reeves, Harold Towne, William Ridge, Henry Wickenhiser, Manager.

Basketball—Warren Critchlow, captain; Vincent Devenzio, Stephen Borovitch, Frederick Vincent, William Ridge, Robert Thompson, James Patton, Charles Fitzsimmons, Manager.

Girl's Basketball—Helene Winters, Captain; Margaret Germerodt, Gladys Corbett, Christine Ross, Adelaide Haushalter, Isabel Noss, Margaret Siebert, Manager.

GIRL'S TEAM

As usual, Cory had a peach of a girls' basketball team (?). If we must say it ourselves, we're pretty good. At least, if the number of games won were compared proportionally, we're just as good as the boys. (We girls must stick together!) However, though we did everything but pull hair and scratch, we couldn't beat last year's record for the girls. Every now and then we ran up against a team which seemed to have as a motto "Hit 'em hard," or "Knock 'em down", or at least something along those lines. All survived, however, and may be seen tripping merrily along Cory High's corridors, if

anyone desires to make sure. Seriously speaking, though, this season was a good one. There were no overwhelming defeats, though some such victories, and no serious injuries.

Now, if you take the trouble to read about each and every game, you surely will agree with me, that for a team so terribly crippled—being blessed with only one member from last year's regular team, we did pretty well, in fact, very well. Next year's team will be almost as bad off; for only two, besides the subs, will be left after commencement. But there is splendid new material to fall back on and to develop. Here's wishing them good luck and lots of it!

Cory vs. Alumni

The girls' basketball season was opened with an exciting game between the Alumni and Cory's crack team. During the first half, this year's star, Margaret Germerodt, and last year's, Sarah McCutcheon, tried their very best to undo one another, and with the result that Cory was but four points ahead at the end of the half. Fortunately for us, Sal's luck deserted her in the last half and came to Cory's aid, making the final score rise to 41 in favor of Cory, and 23 for the Alumni. This was the lineup: Cory—Germerodt, Haushalter, Corcoran, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Alumni—McCutcheon, Krentz, Haushalter, Coombs, Smith, Ritchey.

Substitutions: Ross for Corcoran, Kelly for Haushalter.

Cory vs. Sewickley

Upon the heels of the Alumni victory came another. Needless to say, we were quite puffed up to beat both of our very worst enemies, right in succession at that! Why, the team almost had to buy new hats! At the end of the first half, we were but two points ahead of Sewickley. Oh, my! Such luck! But—during the next half Cory stepped in and fairly "ate 'em up!" The score: 21 to 11, Cory's favor. And the lineup: Cory—Germerodt, Corcoran, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Sewickley—McPherson, McIlwaine, Dietrich, B. McCullough, Thompson, S. McCullough.

Substitutions: Cory—Ross. Sewickley—J. Mould, E. Mould, Sands, McPherson, McIlwaine, Pryor.



BASKETBALL SQUAD

Cory vs. Crafton

Crafton proved to be our Waterloo! Fate decided that Lady Luck had been favoring us too much, so she took our conceit away by allowing Crafton to beat us. And she did it to perfection in more ways than one! Ask any member of the team. We were decidedly the worse for the wear. To make matters even worse, the floor was so slippery we could hardly walk. Some of us even resorted to chewing gum, but even that failed. All told, the score was 36-23, Crafton's favor. Cory—Germerodt, Corcoran, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Crafton—Hoskinson, Hiester, Riley, O'Brien, Huffman, Davis.

Substitutions: Ross for Corcoran.

Cory vs. Carnegie

The Carnegie game was too easy to be interesting, even to the players. Let it suffice to say that we beat them to the tune of 61-20. Cory—Germerodt, Ross, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Carnegie—Marston, Davis, Cherry, Campbell, Booth, Yahres.

Substitutions: Kelly for Haushalter, McElravy for Noss, Miller for Winters. Carnegie—Gordon for Booth, Burdis for Yahres.

Cory vs. Avalon

Yeh! We lost! But then, that only adds to the game. Boring, you know, to win all the time. (Please, dear readers, don't call our bluff!) Several things were against us, including the team. The ceiling is extremely low for one thing, the floor full of splinters for another, out-of-bounds floor to be watched, and finally, a hefty, vicious team requiring yards and yards of elbow room. We did our best, but it wasn't good enough. The score was 23-14 their favor. Bring the smelling salts! Cory—Germerodt, Ross, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Avalon—McClurg, Vogel, Thomas, McCleary, Marshall, Lidell.

Substitutions: Avalon—White for Lidell, Gerwig for McClurg, McClurg for Vogel, Vogel for Marshall.

Cory vs. Dormont

And along came another victory! At least our defeats don't descend upon us all at once. The Dormont game was looked forward to by the girls, almost as eagerly as the Sewickley and Alumni games. It was no easy matter to win, either, for the teams were about evenly matched, and we got along beautifully. Most of them must have had "dates" afterward—at least something distracted them, because we walked off with a victory of 26-8. Cory—Germerodt, Corbett, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Dormont—Long, Lym, Anderson, Irwin, Moninger, Palen.

Substitutions: Cory—Miller for Winters, Ross for Corbett. Dormont—Tutler for Long, Clotworthy for Irwin, Dublin for Moninger, Long for Anderson.

Cory vs. Crafton

Just to show us that it was not only on their own floor that Lady Luck favored them, Avalon came over and beat us here at Cory, too. Now, personally, we don't think that was nice. They ought to have let us win the return game. (Sour grapes!) After slightly damaging our team, though not seriously, and ruffling our tempers considerably, they proudly bore the banner of victory from the field with a score of 28-15 to their credit. Cory—Germerodt, Ross, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Crafton—Hiester, Hoskinson, Rielly, O'Brien, Davis, Huffman.

Substitutions: Crafton—Elbert for Hoskinson, Hoskinson for Huffman.

Cory vs. Carnegie

When the time came for the return game at Carnegie, we received a decided shock! Believe it or not, it's a fact. Somewhere, somehow, Carnegie had spruced up to such an extent that we found it necessary to work our very best in order to keep ahead. At the end of the first half we were, but only one point. Oh, my! We determined to go in and literally "eat 'em up" in the next half. Whether it was these resolutions that pulled us through, or just what, we have never found out, but the fact remains that we won! 13-10! Cory—Germerodt, Ross, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, McElravy. Carnegie—Marston, Davis, Cherry, Campbell, Rickenbaugh, Booth.

Substitutions: Cory—Corbett for Ross. Carnegie—Bordis for Campbell.

Cory vs. Dormont

To make a long story short, the score was tied, 23-23. Nevertheless, the game was exciting as any game could be. Especially the last few minutes. The ball absolutely would not go in the basket for us, thus ruining our perfectly good beginning. Dormont kept piling up her score, until Cory was fairly shaking. The whistle finally was blown, and both teams heaved sighs of relief. It was over! Cory—Germerodt, Ross, Haushalter, Winters, Noss, Siebert. Dormont—Lyon, Luther, Anderson, Clotworthy, Moring, Palen.

Substitutions: Cory—Corbett for Ross. Dormont—Tudor for Luther, Dublin for Clotworthy, Hudson for Palen.

Cory vs. Avalon

The whistle blew; we shook hands; the game started, and kept going, stopping only for quarters and halves. The final whistle blew; the game was over; Avalon had won 24-19. Nuf Ced! Cory—Corbett, Germerodt, Hau-



shalter, Winters, Noss, McElravy. Avalon—McClurg, Vogel, Thomas, McCleary, White, Marshall.

Substitutions: Cory—Miller for McElravy. Avalon—Gerwig for Marshall.

Cory vs. Sewickley

We are sorry, but we can't say that the season opened and closed with victories for the simple reason that it didn't. Sewickley was four points ahead when the whistle was blown. And that's not fiction, either! We'll not dispute the fact, though, but let the matter rest. Sewickley won, 24-20. Not so bad! And so ended the official season. Cory—Germerodt, Corbett, Hau-

shalter, Winters, Noss, McElravy. Sewickley—Frey, McIlwaine, Dean, McCullough, Thompson, McPherson.

Substitutions: Cory—Miller for McElravy. Sewickley—Watson for McPherson, Mould for Frey.

Inter-Class Games

The inter-class games were the cause of much friendly rivalry among the members of C. H. S. The Senior girls first met and defeated the Junior girls, although it was not an easy victory. Their next game with the Freshmen resulted in a victory, but there is yet another story to tell. The Senior-Sophomore game was perhaps the most important of all—the struggle for the championship between sister classes. The game was well played by both teams, with the result that the Sophomore girls won by one point, thereby winning the class championship. Congrats! Sisters!

Paddy—Though he is the shiek of hereabouts is quite polite at that. Besides giving up his seat to a fair damsel in a trolley, he also lets the weaker sex enter first. Mere curiosity, maybe.

Here lies my spouse,
I pray let him lie,
He's at rest,
So am I.

Heinie, to slightly deaf farmer: Can you tell me where I can get some gas?

Farmer: Hey?

Heinie: No, gas. This ain't no horse, it's an automobile.

John Long, watching a girl stepping from a car, sped up to her and said, "May I help you alight?"

"I do not smoke," she said.

Miss Delo: Who are the four horsemen?

Bright Sophomore: Buffalo Bill, Will Rogers, Bill Sheridan and Barney Google.

Miss Iams: Class paper this afternoon. By the way Philip I haven't seen it yet.

Phil: Neither have I.

?: Why did they put the medical student out of the library?

!: Caught him trying to remove the appendix from a book he was reading.

Bull: How come the street light is so pale?

Durham: Oh, it was out all night.

Prof. Missionary: Am I too late for dinner?

Native: Yes, but you'll do for breakfast.

Freshie, filling out registration card:

Name: Milton Weisman.

Born: Yes.

Father's Business: Rotten.

SMILES



ACopy By A.V.C.

SMILES DEPARTMENT

EditorVincent Devenzio

AssistantThomas Gaffney

HOW TO COOK

By Domestic Science Department Students

DINNER GIVING

There are two distinct styles of serving a dinner, known as the English and Russian, or a la Russe styles. The latter is most popular in railroad restaurants, where people are constantly Russian in, distributing a wedge of pie, two crullers and a sandwich among themselves, flushing it down their throats with a cup of coffee, and retiring. With this style of dining, this book has nothing to do. We therefore pass from the dinner a la Russe to the English mode. This is to set the whole of each course upon the table at once and turn guests loose upon it. At the call of "time" the second course is produced, and the performance repeated, and so on.

The first thing to be considered is the setting of the table. A round table is best calculated to show off a square meal. I got that idea from another cook book so presume it is so. A thick baize, or failing that, a horse blanket, should be put under the table cloth. It prevents noise, and, if the latter be used, will neutralize the odor of the fish.

Although many ornaments may be selected in decorating the table, some discrimination should be used in selecting them. Do not imagine that a hand painted cigar box will replace an epergne. It is also considered in poor taste to have the knives and forks chained to the edge of the table. The fashion of having a large Newfoundland dog trot around the board at intervals, the guests using his shaggy coat as a portable napkin, is considered passe. This savors too much of rigid economy. Dinner being ready, it should be announced by the butler or waitress, alias hired girl. A gong has outlived its days of usefulness save at cross road hotels or a dinner a la Russe, and the noisy bell has no motive, unless it be a locomotive or the like, for being rung.

Observe the courtesies of society at the table; bright conversation, fun, and witticisms are the best aids to digestion. Do not embellish your conversation with obituary anecdotes, stories of hanging and the like; but if you say anything at all, let it be to the point. Pay some little attention to your neighbor; by so doing you may make yourself solid for an invitation to dine at her residence, and at the same time you will have a chance to eat your fill between whiles.

RECIPES

Oysters and Clams

Fried Oysters—First run them through a clothes ringer to remove the juice, roll them in boxwood sawdust and egg, and pour the whole business in hot lard. Serve in a perspiration.

Clam Fritters—Put from fifty to fifty-one clams over the fire in their own liquor and let the clams fritter away the time until you're hungry; then eat them.

Soups

Puree of String Beans—Buy a fifty cent string of beans, add a few slices of water and a few onions. Boil until hot, thicken, garnish with croutons, and serve hot enough to scald.

Macaroni Soup—Break up your macaroni into kindling wood lengths, add water suited to taste. Force meat balls into it. Serve. Your guests will probably not choose to be helped a second time.

Oyster Soup—Scoop the oysters out of the shells or cans, whichever they come in; cut off the legs and wings, singe off the pin feathers, stir in a lot of milk. Cook until the oysters shrivel up, then trot 'em out.

Fish

To Boil Fish—Place the bird in a kettle of cold water and let it boil so gently that the water will remain about as warm as a June day. By so doing, the fish can swim about in the kettle, and come to the table, along with the other guests, in a not overheated condition. It will require eight minutes to cook a fish weighing one pound and, of course, only four minutes to cook one weighing twice as much.

To Fry Fish—Remove the works from the interior department; pick off the scales, remove the teeth and fry in a frying pan—or anything else which fancy dictates. If at first you don't succeed, fry, fry again.

Roasts

Roast Beef—There is nothing much easier to cook than a roast. If you need a three-rib roast, buy one with three ribs concealed about it. Rub the meat with pepper and salt until your hands smart. Place it in the oven, pour in enough water to keep the meat in a perspiration. Cook your roast until your good and faithful servant considers it well done. Serve.

Roast Turkey—Obtain a turk at midnight from a guarded tent or elsewhere, remove the works, using the job lots of giblets for making the gravy. Stuff with chestnuts culled from minstrel shows; strap the wings and legs into position; place in a moderately slow oven and roast until Thanksgiving. This makes sufficient for two persons.

Roast Partridge—Lard your birds, whatever that means, tie down the legs and handcuff the wings. Baste the edges together. Replace the feathers and serve.

Sauces

White Sauce—Take one quart of white butter and melt it in the sun. Add some other white things. Stir up in a quart of white milk and a barrel of white flour. Boil over the fire until it is q-white done and serve.

Celery Sauce—Get a head of celery. Wash your head and cut it into pieces an inch long, stir them in a pint of salt with a teaspoonful of water until the celery is tender. Rub a large spoonful of butter and some flour together; stir into this a pint of ice cream; put in the celery and serve with a boiled dinner.

Tomato Sauce—Boil down a can of tomatoes until nothing is left but the label, and strain. Add butter, lard, pepper, and so on; let it all come to a boil.

Vegetables

Snap Beans—Snap some beans and, if you have any beef broth on the premises, pour it over the beans, add a piece of butter the size of a wrought-iron nut; let them simmer and eat with a ladle.

Potato Balls—Issue invitations to the ball at least three weeks in advance of the date selected. Mash or boil potatoes, whichever you choose, add milk and salt; roll into billiard balls; fry in hot fat. Serve with a cue.

To Boil Corn On The Ear—This will hurt until your ears become accustomed to being boiled; after that you will not mind it so much. However, here is the prescription: fill your ears with sowed corn, then sew up your ear-tabs; plunge head first into a bath tub filled with water at a temperature of 290 in the shade. Further instructions are unnecessary.

Mashed Potatoes—Boil your potatoes and get a mash on them; season with little dabs of black pepper and butter.

Cakes

Pound Cake—Mix up some flour and things, put them into a dish and bake for a while or two; then screw in the handle and commence to pound.

Angel Cake—Chop up green apples, raisins, bananas, in quantities to suit; stick them in dough. Feed to the children and the angel part will materialize.

Stomach Cake—Line a small boy with green apples and cucumbers. This can be prepared at short notice.

Desserts

Ice Cream—Dry a dollar's worth of ice in the sun; slice it into small pieces, stir in a gob of vaseline or cold cream, flavor with lemon if it's lemon you're after, with something else, if you want vanilla. Fan the mess until it freezes, garnish with baked potatoes. Serve with the soup.

Whipped Cream—Whip two pints and a quart of cream with a braided raw-hide whip until your foot's asleep and every bone in your body aches. By this time the cream can stand alone, even if you can't. Serve the cream as well as you can and apply arnica to your joints. This does not apply to opium joints.

Currant Jam—Jam your currants and bottle.

Date Pudding—Cut the dates out of a back number almanac. Beat up some healthy eggs and place them in two quarts and two pints of milk. Add Jamaica ginger and melted butter. Boil in a pudding bag. The proof is in the eating.

Strawberry Ice Cream—Freeze your cream in a slow oven. Line a dish with straw, bury the cream in it. Make it into molds and serve cold.

Breakfast Dishes

Soft Boiled Eggs—Place the eggs in a kettle of red hot water, along with a three-minute hour glass; boil until the glass breaks, fish out the fruit and serve.

To Drop Eggs—Let go of them.

Lamb Chops—Chop up your lamb, first removing the fleece; boil and serve on lambrequins.

Cold Dishes

Cold Shoulder—This is usually served to the unfortunate young gentleman who may consider himself de trop. He can safely take this departure as soon as it appears. For him, the repast is ended.

Iced Tea—Take some gunpowder tea that failed to go off at breakfast, put in some cold ice and drink it.

To Keep Bread Moist—Turn the garden hose on it occasionally.

Confectionery

Maple Caramels—Cut down a grove of maple trees, pick the leaves and bruise them in a mortar till the syrup is extracted. Boil this, adding a little soda. After it boils, pour it on a flat surface, mark it off into squares and play checkers on it.

Kisses—Here is something really sweet. The necessary adjuncts are a pretty girl, a good looking young man and a golden opportunity.

Lemon Drops—Pound a pound of lump sugar until you get it down fine. Melt it in a quart of water, then drop in your lemons.

Emergencies

Should a child swallow a button, lower a button-hole down its throat with a piece of string, pass it over the button and yank it out.

If you see a runaway horse approaching and are unable to get out of his way, speak to him firmly, saying, "Lie down, sir!"

Never dig your ears except with your elbow.

Should a person fall into the water, throw him a swimmer's guide or a life preserver.

If the theatre you are attending with a lady should be discovered in flames, endeavor to keep cool. Do not butt your way through the crowd, yelling "Police!" or "Mad Dog!", but be as reposeful as possible.

Always keep your temper; remember that it is the mark of a gentleman, and particularly in company with a lady, to avoid getting into a wrangle or altercation with a taximan. It is undignified—and besides, you might come out second best.

Avoid playing practical jokes, particularly upon aged people. To pull the chair from under your aged grand-parent is considered in poor taste, and might influence him or her against making his or her will in your favor.

Home Hints

Should a fire break out in the daytime, obtain as much ice-water as possible and throw it on the flames. This has more effect than warm water. Buy a rope that will reach within eleven feet from your room to the ground, in case of a fire in the night, tie one about your bed-post, the other end around your neck, and jump from the window.

To make a toothpick—To make a durable family toothpick, purchase a 3x4 joist and whittle it down to the requisite size. Then pick.

To make a scrapbook—Take a handsomely bound book, tear the pages into small bits and there's your scrapbook.

Never precede an older or heavier person than yourself in falling down-stairs.

In case of sunstroke pick the patient up carefully and place him on the cool side of the house in a snow-bank, run icicles down his neck, fill his shoes with snow and hang him over a clothes line.

To press wild flowers—Gather the flowers after cutting them down with a lawn mower. Pick them carefully and press them in a hay press or under a fat man in church. Frame them and hang the horror in the attic.

To clean a stovepipe—Take down the pipe with as little jar as possible. Carry it out in the back-yard, hold it above your head so you can see through it, have your wife beat the pipe, and you will be thoroughly sooted.

To pare apples—Place them in couples.

To apple pears—It can't be done, dear reader.

To tell a bad egg—This depends entirely upon what you wish to tell the egg. If it be bad news, break it gently—this applies both to the communication and the fruit. The former had better be made by telephone, with the safety plug in position.

To break a colt—Hit him across the back with a sledge hammer. One blow should be sufficient to break him—or at least break his back.

To make ice-water last—Prepare everything else first.

Little Bits

Man is an animal with this disadvantage—he has only two legs.

Life is short, but all of us manage to waste more of it than we use.



Absent again



Dealer



A mannerly Mixture
of Music Mirth & Mind



Behind the Bars



The Joker



W/le H/a



Station Please



Tall ~ Small



Two of a kind

Give Me a Good one



Luck Copps



A Vee-ee

of Each

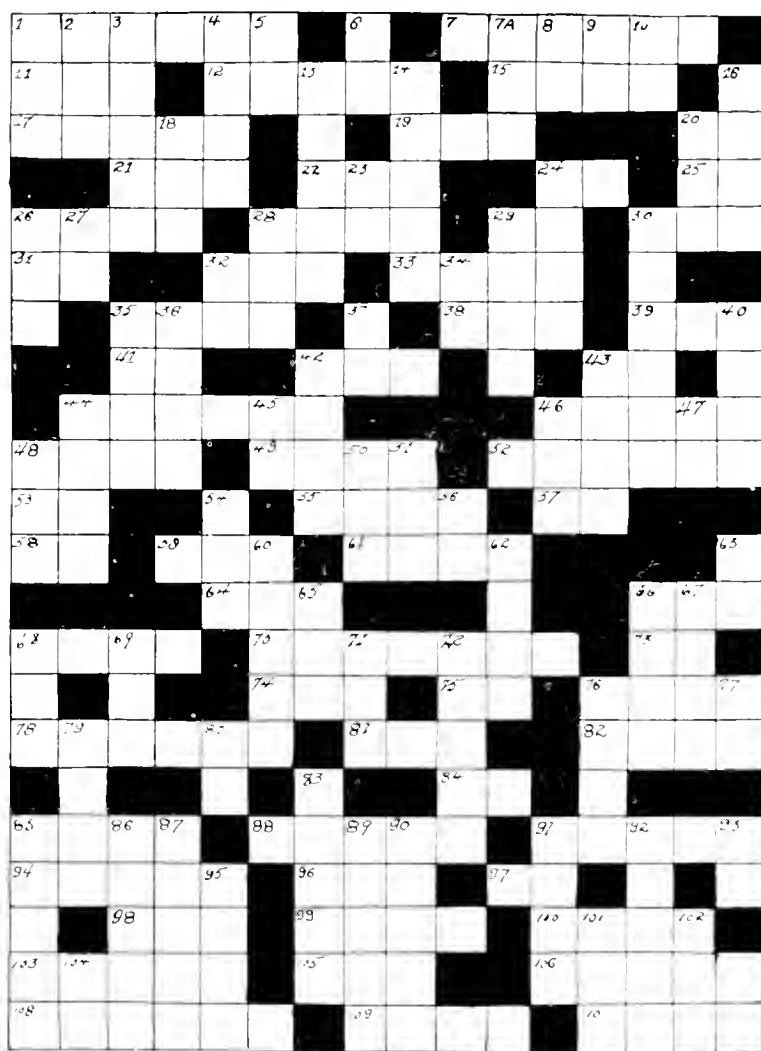


Lean of Nations

<i>Name</i>	<i>Your Ideal</i>	<i>Favorite Boy or Girl</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>What You Want Most</i>
Mary Margaret Allen.....	An easy couch.....	Tom boy	Blank	Million \$
Allen Munroe Atwater.....	Moonlight hikes	Number one	No fruit	Lena
Phyllis Bailey	I don't know yet.....	Barfoot boy	Good gravy	What I can't have
Margaret Beattie	Prince of Wales.....	I'll never tell.....	Oh for heaven's sake.....	\$1,000
Steven Borovich	5 ft. 4 in., brown hair.....	My ideal of course.....	Like the dickens	My ideal
Hazel Burns	Chrysler roadster	Jimmie Valentine	How funny!	To live happily ever after
Earl Cain	Red hair and blue eyes.....	Francis Epker	Well, I'll be darned!.....	A Ford
Ruth Campbell	Cornelius Vanderbilt	Wally Wallrath	Gee!	Ride in airplane
Martin Carroll	Dusty	Olive oil	Well, I'll be—.....	My meals
Elizabeth Cooper	Richard Dix	Now, you quit.....	I'll scream	To go to heaven
Warren Critchlow	Guess ! ! !.....	Powerful Katrinka	I'll say	Ford sedan
Miriam Cupps	To own a tea-room.....	That would be telling.....	Name's not Rachel.....	\$1,000,000
Vincent Devenzio	Sleep	The more the merrier.....	Hi, Buke	Maddin's Black Lamp
Abraham Dietch	Robert Brush	Titina	Fruit	Brains
Robert Dickey	Certain blonde	My wife	N? x? Censored	A wife
Janette Dickson	Sleep	Oh, some nice farmer.....	By Cricky	To sell peanuts
Eleanor Donnelly	Brown hair and eyes.....	I haven't decided.....	How funny	What I don't have
John Drgon	Garlic	Miss Take	That's right	Rattle
Helen Ruth Drumbeller.....	A crap shooter.....	Ah, come on.....	Oh, go on.....	My ideal
Francis J. Epker.....	Black hair, cross eyes.....	Stella	I'll be knocked over.....	A date with?
Ethel Ferree	\$1,000,000	Harold Teen	Disgrist	A cat?
Charles Calvin Fitzsimmons.....	Count Citrate of Mfg.....	Feddy Bear	Too personal.....	Flocks of shekels
Thomas G. Gaffney.....	Sundaes	I love 'em all.....	I? caven's sake.....	Chlorine water
Margaret Germerodt	Hard-hearted Hannah	513?	It's a great life.....	27-11
Howard Gibson	Sleep	Francis Epker	Unprintable	Monies
Bruce Gilchrist	Huck Finn	Every Girl	That club foot, etc.....	A "lizzie" that runs
Gertrude Gregg	Happiness	Doughboy	I don't know.....	The moon
Dorothy E. Haarbye.....	Shakespeare	Barfoot boy	Bunk	What I can't have
Herman Harper	Wouldn't y'like t'know?.....	Guess	"Betcher Boots"	To get out of quarantine
Alvin Harvey	Women and women.....	Babe Ruth	Like nit	A new second hand Ford
David Key	Ditch-digger	Babe	Ugh	Six feet of ground
Helen Lee	Haven't met him yet.....	Cowboy	O darn it.....	\$1,000,000
John W. Long.....	Dear One	Miss Flap	Is zat right?.....	A wife

<i>Name</i>	<i>Your Ideal</i>	<i>Favorite Boy or Girl</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>What You Want Most</i>
Frank Lunn	Smooths	(Known)	Blank	Impossible to get
Alice Elizabeth Marshall	O'Henri	Rochester 614	It's a great life.	13-26
Irvine H. Marshall	Prof. E. O. Morrison	Nurse	I had to laugh.	Lab.
Ralph Miller	Girls	Sara Nade	Unprintable	20 red hens
Anna Moore	Bushels of Whitman's	Boycott	O ! ! !	A good time
Dorothy McAdams	Dancing	"Charlie my Boy"	I hope to kiss a nickel	A Sun-kist cottage
Mary McCabe	Light hair and blue eyes	My ideal	Hey!	A trip to Europe
Blanche McCartney	Somewhere? Unknown?	Johnnie Right	Ye! but	You'll never know
Ada MacDonald	The ice man	Life Buoy	That's a lot C. P. M.	Ford coupe
Gertrude McHaffie	Eat, sleep and be merry	Three guesses	O Gee Whiz!	That would be telling
Mary McHaffie	Jack Lippert	Bill	O Gosh	Diamond ring
Philip R. McLaughlin	A circus	John Long	Sufferin' cats	Anything I want
Germaine Newcomer	Tall, dark-haired	What do you expect?	I don't agree with you	A riding horse
Isabel Noss	Al Slack	Hair Breadth Harry	You know	To live in Sewickley
Susie Palam	Monte Blue	Adam	Dumbell	Ice cream cones
James C. Patton	Not particular	I like them all	Bo-log-na	My diploma
Annie M. Pugh	Other than a man	Jimmie Jame	Oh Gee!	Math and more Math
Pauline M. Reed	Florence Nightingale	Billy	Oh, Bologna	To master Trig.
Florian Seibert	The man in the moon	Barney Google	Gee Whiz	A thrill
Margaret L. Siebert	Well, I mustn't tell	How'd y'like t'know?	Oh-oh	Oh, the man will do
Mary J. Sowerby	Can't you see in my eyes?	I'm so bashful	Dumb	Rubber dollie
Ada Mae Thompson	Prince of Wales	Harold Teen	Gosh	Passport to Paris
Thora Thompson	Sleep	Shiek Moody	Who wants to know?	To pass chemistry
Harold O. Towne	Haven't met her yet	Pegs	Hay, Patty	A new Ford
Bennie Trunich	Ichabod Crane	Old Grey Mare	Christopher!	What I can't have
J. Albert Vandevort	John D. Rockefeller	Hula Lou	Right, cried Daniel!	The moon
Milton Henry Weisman	Undertaker	A female	Oy, Gerald	A new Reo
Henry W. Wickenhiser	Onions	My red-headed girl	Have an onion	Myself
Margaret Wickenhiser	Ben Lyon	Flaming Youth	Lawdy	Everything
Helene Winters	Wonderful One	The only, only one	Intelligent	Give me a June night
Cecilia Yohe	Billion dollars	Aencas	12.30 sharp	Fame
Jeanette Young	Circus rider	You'll never know	Come here, once	A Ford

OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE



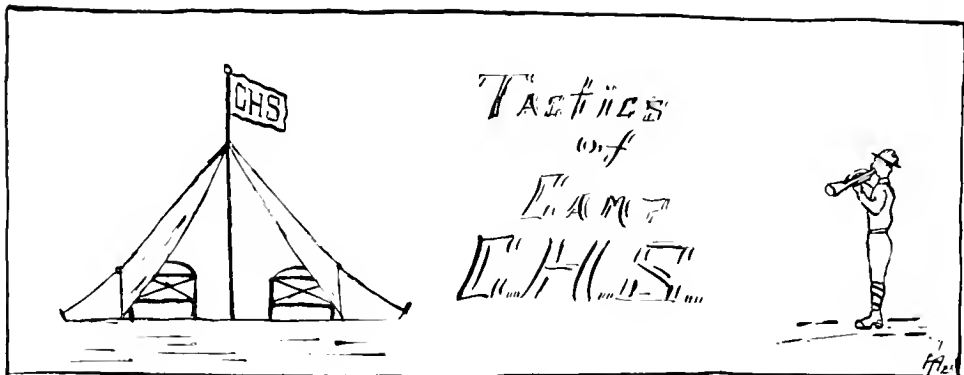
HORIZONTAL

1. The driver of Ariovistus' chariot.
7. A young and farmer girl.
11. Ancient.
12. The sheik of Raccoon creek.
15. Lantz Bros.' right-hand man.
17. Epkers outstanding feature.
19. A tree. (Not extree)
20. A debater or jail warden.
21. Not in.
22. Freshman. (Latin)
24. Somebody's stenog.
25. Dynamite and iodine. (Initials)
26. Darkness.

VERTICAL

1. What bees make. (Short)
3. Oh what a pal was——. (68 horizontal's pal)
3. A boob. (Not a Senior boy)
4. Imperfect subjunctive of verb "to go." (Latin).
5. Each. (Abbr.)
6. The big noise of Room 3. (Ask Miss Hogue)
- 7A. Inventor—helper—mentor. (Abbr.)
8. What you hope she says when you pop the question.
9. Double 8—vertical.

28. Girl with the male voice.
29. Prefix.
30. Traffic cops' delight.
31. Ditto to 25 horizontal.
32. Some.
33. He wields a wicked bow.
35. Slim's sister.
38. Not green.
39. Karrol Kid.
41. Ever peppy.
42. Five wooden nails in a shoe.
43. Two thousand also. (Marshmallow) (Abbr.)
44. Male man.
46. Soda-jerker. (Built close to the ground)
48. Miss Pull 'Em.
49. The Shah from Mexico.
52. Plays in the center.
53. Conjunction.
55. Italian ducat.
57. Christian Endeavor. (Abbr.)
58. Mine. (Possessive)
59. A single point where many stop.
61. Musical liquid food.
64. Not tender. (Stenog's spelling)
66. Polly wantsa cracka?
68. Oh what a pal was ———.
70. What we do with almonds.
73. Initials of longest senior.
74. A hair-cut.
75. Alpha and omega of the vowels.
76. The clock's map.
78. Traps. (Ask Bruce)
81. Express. (Abbr.)
82. Hebrew for Isadore.
84. 3.1416.
85. Needed to open a locked door. (First name).
88. The little, grinning lad.
94. Wearers of the green.
91. On the job. (Read the Press)
96. Phillippino workers.
97. Act.
98. Three directions. (All but west first initials)
99. What the clock tells you.
100. What happens when you listen.
103. Better.
105. Young villains' association. (Abbr.)
106. Trademarks.
108. Follows in certain directions.
109. To send or give forth.
110. A used-to-was ruler.
10. Pronoun. (Begins with 'i' and ends with t)
13. He wears the reddest tie in the school.
14. One-half of the Drumheller-Lee duo.
16. Gert's sister.
18. Meet her at Hilliard's Drug Store.
20. Ada name but not a letter.
23. Not out.
24. Dry. (Not Volstead's kind)
26. Heavy member of Ridge avenue trio.
27. Preposition which makes legal negative.
28. A small industrious insect.
29. Bit of news, list.
30. Diminutive of James.
32. First and eighteenth letter of Al. Pha. Bett.
34. Abbreviation which makes religious negative.
35. Slim's sister.
36. Rhymes with peppy.
37. Ego.
40. Anglo-Saxon for "try."
42. Not empty.
43. Not female.
44. Where to buy and boost.
45. Common multiple. (Abbr.)
46. Stop.
47. High School Club—Senior girls. (Abbr.)
48. Piper's son.
50. It is. (Contraction)
51. Add ninth letter of alphabet to second letter of 32 vertical and the fifteenth letter.
54. Ditto to 59 horizontal; a small spot.
56. Past participle of verb "avoir."
60. Puddin'-face vind bag driver.
62. New way for spelling "Pshaw."
63. Abbreviation for others. (Latin)
65. Bell farmerette.
66. A ———but not a gin fizz.
67. Calling Hazel.
68. Not glad.
71. He owns an Irish rose.
72. Rachael herself.
76. The kind of luck that follows report cards. Begins with D—but think twice as it is not the thing you thought the first time.
77. Makes an adverb feminine adjective.
79. Back.
80. Missouri. (Abbr.)
73. A tiny fiddler.
85. Did not. (Contraction)
86. If you can't work this puzzle, hunt him up.
87. City in Germany where fireworks are made.
89. Simple; artless; Frank.
90. Howard Gibson's answer when Miss Baker asks him if he can recite.
91. Long by name and nature.
92. Measure for paper. (Plural)
93. Anglo-Saxon for "the."
95. What students do in the aisles.
101. What we all love to do.
102. Girl's name. (Not common) Add stat to it and you have an important radio necessity.
104. Makes responsible worthless.
107. Senior. (Abbr.)



September 2—Attention! Forward march! Camp begins—and so does trouble.

September 8—Sargeant Schmucker, now belonging to the Bellevue camp, returns for the day.

September 9—A squad of 30 answered Lieutenant Cassler's football call.

"Sing a song of football, a season on its way,
Thirty eager gridders and not a place to play."

September 10—Assistant Editors chosen for the camp record—otherwise "High School News."

September 11—No cuttin' corners, keep to the right. (Freshies don't know their right.)

September 15—"Fall in" for the first chapel. Camp Slogan: "Get that school spirit now."

September 16—Senior regiments elect their leaders; also reporters for the Blue Sheet and Pittsburgh Daily Papers are chosen: John Long as divisional commander, Cainy as his assistant, Peg Beattie to keep the log, and Herman Harper as quartermaster.

September 19—Junior regiments follow suit. Hurrah! Camp wins initial game at Imperial!

September 22—Camp witnesses sham battle. Division located in Barrack III conquered all others by winning in sale of Athletic tickets.

September 29—Red Cross workers relieved the hard pressed soldiers of monotonous training by their first entertainment of the year, that is to say—chorus began today.

September 30—Lieutenants, General and his staff (in other words, the directors and teachers) entertain themselves at a jolly party.

October 1—Divisions organize and elect literary officers.

October 3—Camp needs new "standard"—therefore they raise \$35.17 for a beautiful blue and white banner.

October 4—"Sophie" ranks organize.

October 6—Rest day in Camp. Soldiers entertain themselves by selling candy for the Athletic Association, one of the companies' most active organizations.

October 10—Camp riot! First reports. Honor roll is published. Decorations in the form of rings are chosen as a reward for those who have braved the storms of the last four years.

October 12—A gas attack on the subject: "Which is stronger, heredity or environment?" The battle terminated at the coming of darkness.

October 14—More decorations! The battle of yesterday brings forth new heroes wearing badges bearing the motto "Go get 'em Cōraopolis"—all for the price of 25c.

October 15—In order that the squad of greenies might become acquainted with army expressions, a special dictionary in the vernacular of C. H. S. is compiled by Miss Crawford.

October 16—Editors for the yearly camp report are elected.

October 17—Lost in chapel: "Seniors' Dignity!" They surely showed the student body how to yell. Junior High ranks donate \$300 for library fund. Senior ranks lend an ear to first literary societies.

October 22—As the battle opened, 100 strong entered the Home Lighting Contest Battle, and, although they did not completely rout the enemy, six of them came through with flying colors.

October 24—Russian Cathedral Sextette present charming program.

October 30—Big Girl Scout party. Visitors' day. Dr. Thomas Whittles, a pastoral scout among the lumber-jacks, gave us some special instructions on camp ethics.

October 31—Goblins, Ghosts and Witches assemble for "inspection."

November 4—Mock election carried on by inmates. Coolidge wins by great majority.

November 7—Ranks are broken and many Seniors follow "Kamp Kickers" to Bellevue. Oh! The beans and hot dogs!

November 8—Girls of Junior ranks secure a furlough for the day and interview P. C. W. Favorable reports given.

November 14—Junior Division holds an exciting party.

November 17-21—A steady stream of parents visiting upsets regular camp routine a bit.

November 18—Captain Horner announces members of National Honor Society—a reward for faithful work.

November 20—A new "ladies only" organization creeps into existence—"The Go To College Club."

November 20—The male faction, not wishing to be overcome, re-organize Hi-Y.

November 21—Camp gridders lose hard fought game to the fiercest enemy—Sewickley.

November 25—Many display their hidden talents at Public Literary.

November 26—General Werner summons a basketball crew.

November 27—Furlough issued and camp is emptied.

December 1—Everyone returns, Seniors looking sad and worn from posing for pictures; it was a hard job to try to be beautiful.

December 8—Camp loses one of its most faithful and competent Lieutenants—Mr. Morrison. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Park.

December 8-12—Senior ranks are depressingly quiet. The reason? All studying on their debates.

December 16—Camp tossers defeat Avalon in first game of the season. Another public literary—took place in the afternoon this time.

December 15-19—The "Weaker Sex", realizing the importance of manner-training, introduce a "Be Polite Week"—wonderful results. Everybody's on his good behaviour. No wonder! (Santa's coming!)

December 17—Flashy red and white pencils given to students by Ohio Valley Trust Company. (Santa has come!)

December 23—Another furlough. Alumni fellows defeat Hi team while the Hi girls win!

December 23-January 5—Heavenly bliss!

December 30—Privates McLaughlin and Cupps entertained at Editors' Tea held at the Hotel Schenley.

January 2—Loud crash!—Breaking of New Year's resolutions!

January 5—Steady grind begins once more.

January 6—N. N's. added much excitement to Avalon game by selling "hot dogs." Question: "Where did they all go?"

January 8—Captain Horner, with the assistance of three or four faithful lieutenants, staged try-outs for "The Man from Mexico". Many shaking privates enter and recite their few lines.

January 9—By rousing cheering at assembly many girls and boys were persuaded to follow ball fighters into the wilderness of Crafton. Both teams lost.

January 14—It was the least bit crowded, yet the Juniors enjoyed their sleigh ride around the loop.

January 15—Seniors received quite good looking blue and white pillows.

January 19—Blue Monday—weather wet and spirits damp as mid-term exams draw nearer.

January 21-22-23—Dark clouds hang over camp in the shape of mid-year exams.

January 24—After the storm—the world is brighter than before. Isn't it true? Cory sure "bro't home the bacon" from Sewickley. Congrats, Team!

January 29—In assembly could be heard many bass voices, repeating "The World is Too Much With Us". But when the owners of these same voices entered English class where had their thoughts wandered??? Not a fellow would repeat his lines. Thus, disgrace and three days in the guard-house followed.

February 2—"They all flop sooner or later"—so another faithful and helpful lieutenant departed from our ranks, and in her place enters Miss Baker.

February 5—Rah! Cory "word slingers" defeat Bellevue team on our own floor.

February 9-18—Our camp carries on a close battle with Sewickley, Bellevue and Ben Avon for the sale of Year Books—but this time we did not win.

February 10—Soph ranks are especially noticeable for their great display. Behold! They are the proud owners of pennants, scarfs, seals and caps.

February 12—Inspector Noyes interviews all lines—everybody surely at attention. He gives us an address in honor of Lincoln's Birthday.

February 14—Females desert Sophomore ranks and journey to Margaret Morrison.

February 16—More privates' names announced as eligible to National Honor Society.

February 17—Buy a ticket and see Senior presentation of "The Man from Mexico."

February 19-21—Play produced very successfully. All members of cast, and the coach and stage crew feast heavily after the play.

February 23—Debating team wins from Leetsdale—at home.

February 28—Professor Eisenberg, from Slippery Rock State Normal, gives an interesting speech in chapel.

March 4—Heated debate in Problems of Democracy on the ever urgent problem of Capital and Labor.

March 2-6—Lieutenant Baker, seeing need for "checking-up", holds Good English Week for Seniors only.

March 11—Miss Marks, Dean of P. C. W., speaks at Go-To-College-Club tea.

March 12—Aspinwall camp defeats Cory debating team. Many tears.

March 13—And Friday, too! Beware! Sophs had big party—but no bad luck.

March 16—Lieutenant Isenberg announces final cast for Opperetta.

March 17—Among the beautiful array of green, the Seniors' pins and rings arrive. How many bank-rolls diminished!

March 19-24—French play given. How heavenly to listen to Earl Cain and Charles Fitzsimmons recite in this—their native language!

March 23—Much to our sorrow, Lieutenant Isenberg departs for Schenley High. Lieutenant Taylor arrives.

March 24—Soph ranks defeat the mighty Seniors in basketball, thus becoming owners of the Class Championship Banner.

March 30—Captain Horner and Lieutenants Hogue and Sloan accompany the Problems of Democracy squads through the Ford and the Reick-McJunkin plants, respectively.

April 1—Furlough for the day—Oh! April fool! Officers saw that we worked as hard as ever. Seniors hand in their theses.

April 3—Spring has affected the male members. They have a mania for writing poetry—such as it is.

April 5—All efforts bent toward Operetta.

April 13—Effects of Easter furlough.

April 15—It has been proven that Lieutenants Hogue and Isenberg know how to work the students hard.

April 17-18—Opera goes over the top as a great success.

April 20—Juniors all working hard for banquet.

April 22—A senior kid-day anticipated.

April 23—Privates must hand in reports of news for the Annual.

April 26—Many Junior High members withdraw from our ranks and pitch camp in the new Junior High Building.

May 8—Senior ranks delightfully entertained by Juniors.

May 31—The silver lining—baccalaureate.

June 5—Commencement and farewell to the Seniors.

June 6-10—Seniors view the wonders of the national capital.

June 12—Final taps are sounded by Guards Reed and Metcalf and we break camp for the summer.

MIRIAM CUPPS

The daredevil who wants to fight, takes off his coat and leaves his glasses on.

"That bane a yoke on me," said the Swede, as the egg spattered down his shirt front.

Courtesy of

The Coraopolis Savings and Trust Company

Coraopolis, Pa.

SAFE AND PROGRESSIVE

Capital	\$ 125,000
Surplus (Earned)	125,000
Undivided Profits	42,000
Total Resources	2,210,000

H. W. Wickenhiser

HARDWARE

FROM THE CHEAPEST

THAT'S GOOD

TO THE BEST THAT'S MADE

NUTS TO CRACK

If a girl should umpire a baseball game, would the chest protector?

If a woman cares to take a swig out of a bottle will the cork-stopper?

Will an ocean-greyhound bark at a catboat?

Would a coal-chute at a burglar in the woodshed? No, but the kindling-wood.

If the pipes burst in the kitchen, will the kitchen sink?

If the Packard is perfect, what does the Cadillac?

A note picked up in transit from desk to desk by Miss Mercer, read as follows: Dear Helen: I love you so much I will give you anything in the world you want. Yours truly, William Martinelli. P. S. So that it doesn't cost more than fifteen cents.

Walters Motor Car Co., Inc.

SALES AND SERVICE

Auto Accessories

Lubricants

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Gasoline

Ohio Valley Trust Company



Assets Over \$2,500,000.00

THE BEST OF BANK SERVICE

Nolte Bros.

SALES



SERVICE

1038 Fifth Avenue, Coraopolis

Coraopolis 604

A vegetable farmer, who owns a billiard table and takes good care of both, we would say is minding his peas and cues.

Oh am he went,
Oh be he gone, and
Left poor I alone?
Oh cruel fate to be so blind,
To take he fore, and
Leave I hind.
It cannot was.

1st Freshie: Where are the showers?

2nd Freshie: Don't know, I've only been here a year.

Compliments of
Pittsburgh Knife & Forge Co.

Compliments of
J. F. Harper

Wainwrights

CORAOPOLIS' GREATEST STORE

411 MILL STREET

472—Phones—473

Miss Baker: Why are teeth like verbs?

Benney T: They are regular, irregular and defective.

I wish I was a birdie's egg,
As rotten as rotten could be,
And have a place up in a nest,
High up in a big tree,
And when a smarty little Junior boy,
Looked up at me in glee,
I'd break my rotten little self,
And shower him with me.

For sale or exchange: a good used car for mule with tail light and starter.

Educational Thrift Service

SAVE YOUR MONEY AND
YOU SAVE ALL

E. E. McKown, President

J. N. Carnes, Jr., Secy.-Treas.

McKown-Carnes Co., Inc.

WHOLESALE

STATIONERS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

909 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Honus Wagner

SPORTING GOODS

Court 3556

211 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Athletic Outfitters for the Coraopolis High School

The length of this line indicates the ton of coal as dug by the miner.

This one indicates the ton shipped to the dealer.

The small dealer gets a ton like this.

This is the one you pay for.

This is what you get.

The residue is
cinders and
ashes.

And this line will give you some conception of the size of the B-I-L-L.

Farmer (Addressing Henhouse): Who's in there?

Jim Corcoran and his gang with quavering response: Nobody—just us chickens.

Compliments of

Quality Gasoline Company

Compliments of
The Dravo Contracting Company

**Designers, Builders, Engineers
General Contractors**

**Inland Waterway, Harbor, Floating and
Terminal Equipment**

Works and Boat Yard: Neville Island

The Coraopolis Record has the following front page announcement which might apply to other climes and other peoples:

Ralph H. Miller wishes to announce to an anxiously waiting gang of thieves that his grapes are about ready to steal. He wishes however that a new gang of thieves would go after them this year as he is getting tired of raising grapes for the same people every year. He further advises that whoever comes in the stillness of the night to get them had better provide themselves with shinguards, as he will try to make the affair interesting to them. All of which coming at the approach of hunting season reminds us of a sign posted on a ranch in the west which read as follows:

Notis—Awl persons is herby notevfied that this hear is privut proptty and enywon trespassing will be presecuted to the fullest extent of two bull purps which aint overy soshibul, and a sawd-off gun wich aint loaded with no sofy pillers. Dang if I ain't tired of this hell-raisin around here. Owner.

Advance Welding Co., Inc.
BOILER, LOCOMOTIVE AND TANK WORK

Gas and Electric Welding of Steel Pit Cars

Area Gratings, Fire Escapes, etc.

At Switch No. 4, Neville Island, Pa.

P. C. & Y. R. R. SIDING

RIVER FACILITIES

**ACCOUNTANCY
AND
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION**

A dignified attractive and lucrative career awaits the High School graduate who
is willing to train faithfully for success.

Modern conditions demand modern training. Theory and practice should be
simultaneous

Investigate our training procedures.

Pittsburgh School of Accountancy

A Private School
of Advanced Business Practice

STATE THEATER BLDG.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Paterfamilias—reading from the Bible: "Honor your father and mother
and your years shall be long in the land."

Little Jinny Y.: "Ma, Thomas' donkey must have loved his father and
mother awful, cause his ears are so long."

A Galveston school-mistress while taking down the name and age of her
pupils and of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one of the little
boys, "What's your father's name?"

"Oh! you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to
a woman."

Alvin H: I hear you have an industrious wife.

Alumnus: She is never idle, she always finds something for me to do.

Coraopolis Auto Repair

Auburn Motor Cars

Repairing of All Makes of Cars

Residence Phone 251-R

Phone 557

1226 Fifth Avenue

Compliments of
Lewis Foundry & Machine Co.

She was peeved and called him Mr.
Not because he went and Kr.
But the thing that made her sore
Was that on the night before,
This same Mr. Kr. Sr.

Down the street come a man and woman, arm in arm. Suddenly she stubs her toe. The man is all sympathy. He said, "What's the matter, precious. Did oo stub oo 'ittle tootsie-wootsie?"—They're not married.

But here come another couple. Are they arm in arm as they come along? Nix. They're a half a block apart. Suddenly she stubs her toe and almost falls. Is he all sympathy? No. He turns around to her and yells: "That's right. Fall down and break your darn fool neck!"—They're married.

Compliments of
Carbo-Oxygen Company

Phone
Walnut
1890



Phone
Coraopolis
319-R

Towne & Miller, Inc.

Chartiers and Hillsboro Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Corliss P. O.)

SERVICE OUR MOTTO

Wedding Decorations, Bridal Bouquets, Table Decorations. Basket Arrangements for Weddings, Graduation and Condolence Occasions. We Carry a Full Line of Plants that Grow.

Artistic Work that Satisfies

Remember Mother on Your Birthday—She Thinks of You.



FAMOUS BALLADS

A genius is a man who gets his wife to take in washing.
The dearer the cigars the shorter the butts.

Never eat canned peas without first removing the can.

A crooked deal—A bow-legged, hump-backed bootlegger selling a cross-eyed, game-legged prohibitionist wood alcohol for counterfeit money.

"Edith," said Ralph Miller, "Can you cook?"

"No, Ralph. Can you afford a motorcar?"

"Not me."

So they did not marry and they lived happily ever afterwards.

Says Al Vandevort: My girl calls me Maple because I'm her sap.

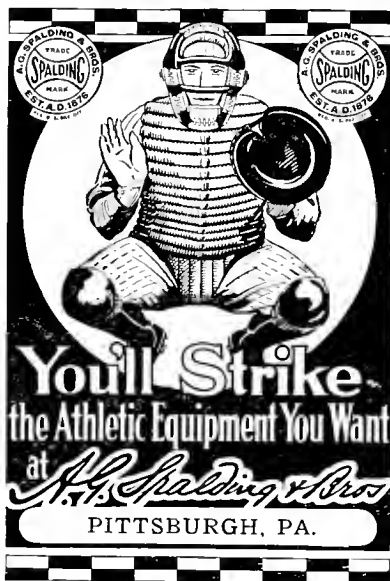
Creese & Ziegler

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INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR PLASTERING

Phone 635-W

1443 STATE AVENUE



Ewing's Battery Service

865 FIFTH AVENUE

CORAOPOLIS

Phone 464-M

(Hard to please) Phiz B: "Dear me, haven't you something newer in tablecloths?"

Salesman: This is the newest pattern. You will notice that the edge runs right around the border and the center is directly in the middle.

Phiz. B: Dear me, yes, I'll take a dozen of those.

My Ty Pust is on her vacation?

My trpists awau fpr a week.,

My tupudt is in hwr vscarion

Wgile thse danm kews play kude and seej.

Engineer: And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane.

Englishwoman: My what fierce birds you have in America.

A. E. Carlburg

TAILOR

946 FIFTH AVENUE

QUALITY

SERVICE

VALUES

Lantz Bros.
GROCERIES AND HARDWARE

PHONE 214-R

1539-41 STATE AVE.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR BOBBING

Chas. E. McDaniel
BARBER SHOP

418 MILL STREET

Hours: 8 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. Saturdays to 9:30 p. m. Closed Thursday Afternoon

FAMOUS ADVERTISING SIGNS

Don't go in there to be cheated. Come in here.

Shoes shined on the inside.

Delicatessen store—We boil our own tongue.

Towne and Miller—Cheap skates.

Cohen and Cahen—Corn beef and cabbage, fresh.

Strictly fresh eggs—just arrived from California.

A chink driver recently presented the following bill to the college:
10 goes, 10 comes at 50 cents a went—\$5.

Miriam Cupps: I'd like to get an apron to wear around the house.
Salesman: How big is the house?

Phone 430

Phone 430

TAXI
CORAOPOLIS TAXI SERVICE

Get our prices on long trips

Cars by the Hour

Limousine Service

Wedding Parties

ACCURACY

PURITY

Physicians Pharmacy

Phones 327 and 9799-J

1007 FIFTH AVENUE

Prompt Delivery

QUALITY

PRICE

What is Your Greatest Desire?

A wonderful home all your own, a happy family, a Pierce-Arrow, a trip abroad, a winter sojourn in the South, a fine library, a paying business, an excellent position, fame, fortune or any other desire may be yours if you are well trained.

DUFFS-IRON CITY COLLEGE

424 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Through the intensive summer course has made it possible for thousands to obtain their greatest desires

Dave Key discussing prices: Look again at the prices of food! Why, pretty soon meat will be worth more than money. The time is coming when we'll be carrying meat around in our pockets instead of money. When we go to buy a pair of shoes and ask the price, the clerk will say, That sells for two pounds and a half of beefsteak. Then we'll give him three pounds and get back a pork chop and a couple of sausages for change.

Doctor: I'll examine you for ten dollars.

Harold T.: Go right ahead, and if you find it, you can have half.

Chuck Fitz, to a lady he had just escorted to the dining room at a literary gathering: "Are you partial to "Lamb's Tales?"

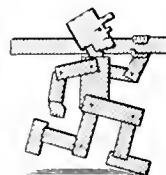
Indignant one: "No, nor "Mutton Heads" either!"

Lumber and
Millwork

The May Lumber Co.

1866
CURTIS
WOODWORK
"The Permanent Furniture for Your Home"

Have you visited our Curt's Display Rooms? They are now open for contractors and home builders. See our display before you build.



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Ice Cream and Candies

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306 MILL STREET

Keystone Garage

LINCOLN—FORD—FORDSON

Sales and Service

Cars, Trucks and Tractors

Farming Implements

Phone 696 Coraopolis

Alice: I adore Keats.

Milt: Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot still likes children.

A parting word—divorce.

Sound to the corps—a bugle call.

The deuce of clubs—gettin' home late.

The race problem—How to pick winners.

Court of last resort—Courting an old maid.

Bank statement—You've overdrawn your account.

Barber: Good morning, I haven't seen your face for a long time.

Irvine: That's funny I left most of it on your razor the last time I was here.

People's Grocery

Joseph Mihalyi

GROCERIES AND MEATS

702 FOURTH AVENUE

PHONE 267-J

CORAOPOLIS, PA.

Standard Steel Spring Co.

Coraopolis, Pa.

EXCAVATING

HAULING

S. S. Buzza & Son

Cement Construction

COAL

412 BROADWAY

PHONE 383

CORAOPOLIS

ANY OFFERS?

A Chinese newspaper contains this letter from an applicant for work: Sir: I am Wang. I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great. My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

Physics Prof: The Class will now name some of the lower species of animals starting with Mr. Lunn.

"I feel all broken up" said the compound word as its last syllable fell from the stutterer's mouth.

J. C. Weir Motor Car Co.

Maxwell, Chrysler and Rickenbacker Cars

Gasoline, Oil, Supplies and Repairing

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1021-23 FIFTH AVENUE

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John Van Ryn, Proprietor

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420 MILL STREET

PHONE 728-J

CORAOPOLIS, PA.

Compliments of

Cahen's

STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

FOURTH AND MILL

Ethel: Have you "Kissed me in the Twilight?"

Brush (At 5 & 10 counter): It must have been the man at the next counter, I've been here only a week.

Mr. Horner: What are the three graces?

Bob Dickey: Breakfast, dinner and supper.

(Punctuate this and see what you have!)

The lion came to the entrance of his cave period quotation marks
Capital Gee Are, Capital Gee are are are are are Surprise Mark, quotation
marks said the lion and went back into his cave period.

A song is sung, a speech is made, and the face of
a loved one fades from the mind!

BUT A PICTURE—That Lives Forever

Have You a Picture of Your Loved Ones?

Phone for an appointment today—Sewickley 586

A. H. DIEHL

Geisler & Tucker

The Student's Store

GENTS' FURNISHINGS AND TAILORING

Cleaning and Pressing

BELL PHONE

409 MILL STREET

Compliments of

Coraopolis Pharmacy

OELLIG BROS.

YOUR HOME VICTROLA STORE

ADVICE TO:

Faculty: Always spatter red ink generously over report cards—it's so patriotic.

Seniors: Never fail to get a permit signed "M.B.H." when you want to play hookey.

Juniors: When your fountain pen gets gummed up, shake the ink all over the floor; the janitors don't have enough to do.

Sophomores: Never fail to say "ain't" in English class—it's quite the thing this semester.

Freshmen: Always pull all the paper towels out of the box and throw them around. They're to play with anyway.

I call my girl Fannie because fannie body wants her they can have her.

C. P. McLaughlin & Co.

As Near as Your Phone

FRUITS AND GROCERIES

PHONES 140-141

423 MILL STREET

Compliments of
Germerodt Brothers

Minch & Selzer
FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING
CORAOPOLIS, PA.

Chuck Fitz: Ten miles from home, a blow out, and no jack.
Peg Siebert: Didn't you bring your check book?

Coffee to coffee,
Tea to tea,
A shoemaker's daughter,
Made a heel out of me.

Miss Baker: What kind of culture is taught to the country lads?
Tubby M: Agriculture.

First Freshie: I wonder why we're riding so smoothly now.
Second Freshie: Were off the track.

Amsler-Hilliard Drug Co.

Dependable Druggists

EDISON AND BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS
AND RECORDS

"DAY OR NIGHT"

305-307 MILL STREET

Compliments of

The Island Petroleum Co.

Compliments of

Broadway Pharmacy

Your Neighborhood Store

WE DELIVER BY FLIVVER

BROADWAY AND FIFTH

Frank Gasper: You look like Helen Brown.

Margaret Hood: That's nothing, you look worse in white.

Martin C: Mr. Park, last night I dreamed I was in heaven.

Mr. Park: Did you see me there?

Martin C: I did. Then I knew I was dreaming.

Dr. Phee: What do you mean that I owe you money?

Al V: Don't you pay any commission? I'm the boy who spread the whooping cough all over the neighborhood.

Steve himself in Chemistry: I didn't have time.

Mr. Morrison: You're a busy woman.

Balloon Tires

Four Brakes

N. McDonald

CLEVELAND SIX

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1229 STATE AVENUE, CORAOPOLIS

One Shot Oiling System

Mileage Motor

Montour Filling Station

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PROMPT SERVICE

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Fifth and Ferree

J. E. Schindel

Fresh and Smoked

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and Commencement Gifts in
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and
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Herf Jones Co.

Manufacturing Jewelers
and Stationers

Indianapolis, Ind.

Cliff Ryan, Representative

Compliments of

J. W. Butler

Compliments of

The Light House

E. Martinelli

Confectionery

Ice Cream, Peanuts, Popcorn
and Cigars

408 MILL STREET

Quality Market

John Moravek

Choice Meats and
Groceries

Phone 693-R

626 Fifth Avenue

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Confectionery and Lunch
Ice Cream
Cigars, Peanuts and Candy
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Fancy
Meats, Groceries and
Vegetables
Our Motto: "Quality First"
We Deliver Neville Island

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Supplies
Geo. F. Keil, Prop.
ATLANTIC GAS
Mobil Oil Sunco Oil
On Highway at Lower End of
Island, Near the Bridge

SUPERIOR CORDS
Red, White and Blue
Filling Station
Phone 9767
NEVILLE ISLAND

Blanche, in restaurant: This steak is very small indeed.
Waiter: Yes indeed, I'm very sorry.
Blanche: Yes, and it smells bad, too.
Waiter: Isn't it a blessing, madam, that it is small?

She used to sit upon his lap,
As happy as could be,
But now it makes her seasick,
He has water on his knee.

Death of a man about town: Ah—well—boys—I'm dying—it's all up.
When I'm gone—tell Dorothy my last words—my last thoughts—were of
her. And Ethel and Helen—tell them the same thing.

A gift is an unspoken tribute to
two of the greatest emotions of
which human beings are capable—
Friendship and Love.
GIFTS THAT LAST
David W. Penney
Jeweler and Optometrist
501 Mill Street Coracopolis, Pa.

We press and steam,
We dye and clean,
We alter and repair;
The work we do just looks like
new—
So let us live and dye for you.
John D. Recchion
Phone 730-J 1129 Fifth Avenue

Compliments of
A Friend

Compliments of
Fifth Avenue Garage

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AND PASTRY
Coraopolis Bakery
We Deliver
1233 State, Corner of Chestnut

Palace Meat Market
Geo. M. Wilson, Prop.
FRESH AND SMOKED
MEATS
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John Cortese
CORAOPOLIS, PA.
Phone 9786 614 Fifth Avenue

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Groceries, Fruits and
Confections
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Compliments of
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Canfield Oil Co.
Refiners of Pennsylvania
Petroleum
Refineries Located at
Coracopolis, Pa. Cleveland, Ohio

Compliments of
Burger & Shontz
3 Barbers 3
301 MILL STREET

Compliments of
C. L. Tracy
FURNITURE
CARPETS STOVES

Compliments of
Mrs. M. Germerodt
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES
1223 STATE AVENUE

The Famous
You Will Always Find the
Latest in
WEARING APPAREL
AND SHOES
for the Entire Family at
the Famous

John D: Where are you going my pretty maid?

Pretty Maid: A milking, sir.

John D: In that dress my pretty maid?

Pretty M: No, you dumbell, in this bucket.

Musical Girl—Sara Nade
Spiteful Girl—Annie Mosity
Big-hearted Girl—Jennie Rosita
Stylish Girl—Ella Gant
Smallest Girl—Minnie Mum

Some keep up talking till we're sick,
Umbrellas dry up pretty quick.

John White & Co.
Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's
CLOTHING
SHOES AND FURNISHINGS
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Cut Flowers, Ferns, Decorations
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U WAIT

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All Lines of Beauty Parlor Work
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WELL DRESSED MAN

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HARDWARE

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Dry Goods

Where you get what you like and
like what you get

942 FIFTH AVENUE

E. W. Dickson

Justice of the Peace

Notary Public

1026 FIFTH AVENUE

Real Estate

Insurance

Teacher: So you see, William, an epidemic is something that spreads
Now give me an example of an epidemic.

William: Jam.

Jinny D: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Jinny Y: Nowhere.

Jinny D: Then what's your hurry?

Jinny Y: I gotta get there.

Speed Murphy: I have burned my finger, what shall I do?

"Stan" Thompson: Read Carlyle's "Essay on Burns."

For sale: an umbrella by a man with three broken ribs and a bent handle.

Everything Electrical

Ferree Electric Co.

Electrical
Contractors

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Fifth Avenue

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Phone 94





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